Week-ending April 13 1946

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

UNDER SENTENCE OF SUDDEN DEATH

Each day is a new delight to him. He wakes up happy, and happy he goes to bed. The fullest measure of health and high spirits is his. Why, then, are his days numbered?

The roads are ruthless! They claim 3 to 4 young lives each day. Over 1,000 children are killed each year. And many more are maimed or injured. Out of every 30 children in this country, 1 is foredoomed to be a road casualty.

These horrifying statistics should be branded in our minds. For the remedy lies with us alone. It is useful to teach the young their Kerb Drill. But the real responsibility must always be with the grown-ups. Children do such unexpected things. Drivers, be always on your guard.

Keep Death off the Road

Issued by the Ministry of Transport

Any Handyman can fix this reliable *weatherproof* ROOFING

You can easily fix this economical roofing yourself, thus being independent of the difficult-to-get services of skilled labour! Moreover, full protection of the valuable contents of your small buildings—sheds, outhouses, etc.—will be assured.

PLUVEX ROOF FELT. This well known bituminous Roof Felt is unquestionably the finest protective material for roofs of poultry houses, sheds, pig-sties, lean-to's, kennels and other small structures. It's so easy to lay and lasts for years without attention. Pluvex is now readily obtainable.

PLUVEX

Ample supplies immediately obtainable from Builders' Merchants and Ironmongers everywhere—subject to Ministry of Works regulations.

THE RUBEROID CO. LTD.
246 Commonwealth House,
New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

PRINTED FOR THE BREWERS' SOCIETY

THE WHITE HART

THE ORIGIN of the White Hart with a collar of gold dates from remote antiquity. It became the favourite badge of King Richard II. Of a tournament in 1390, Caxton observed that "all the kyng's house were of one sute; theyre cotys, theyre armys, theyre sheldes, theyre trappours, were browdid all with white hertys with crownes of gold about their necks, and cheynes of gold hanging thereon." Thus we see how history is reflected in the signs of our inns. So will it continue to be in our country's future.

Engraving specially designed by John Farleigh

"Here is the news"—
and this is Daddy seeing it

"Can I see the news please, Daddy?" What Johnny means is, will his father allow him to look at the ELECTRONIC TELEPRINTER NEWS RECEIVER which Mr. Futura will carry on his right wrist. Johnny knows that a constant flow of news commentary on world events is plainly readable on the face of this ultra modern device. Do you think that is too far-fetched? We don't. We who pioneer at Mullard in the realm of Electronics, know that almost anything is possible in the homes, in the offices and in the industries of tomorrow.

ELECTRONICS IN INDUSTRY TODAY
Dehydration of food is speeded up many times by the use of valve-generated, high-frequency energy for the "drying-out process." Valves have solved many industrial problems. If you need advice, think of Mullard.

MULLARD
THE DOMINANT NAME IN ELECTRONICS
Radio Valves and other Electron Tubes
THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE, W.C 2 (1051)

'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets
(Regd.)

By effectively correcting acidity 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets give prompt relief from indigestion. They are convenient to carry and may be taken as required.

Recommended by Members of the Medical Profession

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

naturally you do the same

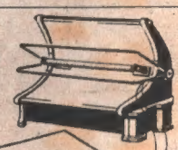
Just as the normal way to clean natural teeth is to *brush* them regularly, so should *dentures* be brushed—with Kolynos Denture Powder as the cleansing and polishing agent. This method *safely* dislodges all fermenting food particles, removes stains and *polishes* the whole dental plate—leaving it clean, sweet and sparkling. Do as your dentist does—use Kolynos Denture Powder. 1/3d. a tin from your chemist.

KOLYNOS REGD. Denture POWDER

Polishes Dentures the Dentists' way — *harmless* to the new 'acrylics'

Where gum-shrinkage has affected the normal suction grip, Kolynos Denture *Fixative* makes false teeth 'stay put' 1/3d. & 3/3d.

upstairs

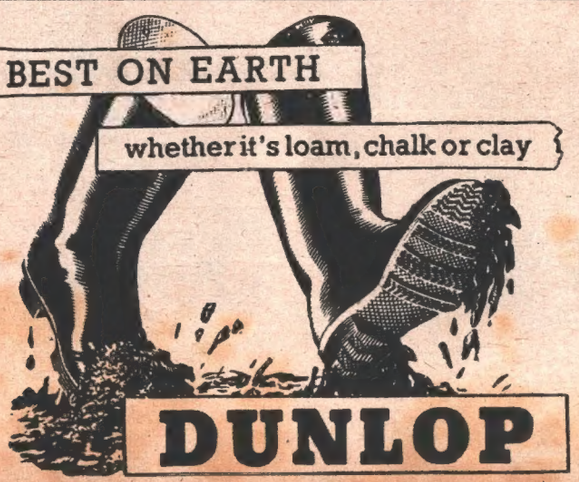


It's such a comfort to be able to *switch on* warmth in any part of the house—just wherever and whenever you need it. That's one reason for buying a Graham-Farish portable electric fire. Another reason is that Graham-Farish fires are made by skilled electrical engineers who set their standards high. Another is price: the model shown here costs 27/6.

GRAHAM-FARISH PORTABLE ELECTRIC FIRES

Graham-Farish Limited, Bromley, Kent. Branches at Bristol and Manchester.

downstairs



Dependable as ever

One can always depend upon "Player's" for cool pleasure and calm enjoyment.

Player's Please

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT TOBACCO
N.C.T.54H

Film Shortage—The Facts

Photographic dealers often have to say 'No Films' because they are only getting a fraction of their pre-war supply. We are sorry, but we cannot let them have more because of labour shortage and the obligation to export part of our output. Better times are coming however, and Ilford Selo Films, embodying the scientific advances of six years, will then be in full supply.

ILFORD SELO

Back on the old job or starting a new,

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

will keep your shoes smart and comfortable

Black, Brown & Tonette
In tins 3d. and 6d.

CB/FF

The Quick Way TO A **NEW SENSE OF ASSURANCE**

Try this O-syl Hygienic Treatment and see how *fresh*, how assured you'll feel . . . how much lovelier your skin will look.

1. Use an O-syl mouthwash every morning—and start the day *fresh*.
2. Add a little O-syl to your washing water—and feel *fresh* till night.
3. At night wash your face in hot water to open the pores, follow with a cold dilution of O-syl and water, dabbed on with cotton wool—then you'll be free of spots and blemishes and your skin will look *fresh* always.

Remember O-syl is a medical product.

O-syl *the drop-by-drop* **ANTISEPTIC**

Large family size 1/11½ *also* 7d. *Inc. Tax*

TWO DROPS OF O-SYL ARE OFTEN ENOUGH

Did you MACLEAN your teeth today?

You're on the right track!

Macleans Tooth Paste—1/1 per tube

Good wines we can all afford

V.P. wines

POINT BRAND

Ask for V.P. RICH RUBY
V.P. SWEET WHITE
V.P. BRITISH SHERRY
} 6/6

Produced & bottled by Vine Products Ltd., Kingston, Surrey

VERONICA LAKE

BLACKMAILED BLONDE IN NEW FILM

In Paramount's hilarious film, "Hold that Blonde," Veronica Lake becomes involved with some jewel thieves and is blackmailed into helping them. This film is packed with excitement and laughter, and through it all moves Veronica Lake, lovely as ever. What a perfect complexion she has! That's because, like 9 out of 10 other film stars, Veronica Lake always uses Lux Toilet Soap.

LUX TOILET SOAP

USED BY 9 OUT OF 10 FILM STARS

4d. a tablet including purchase tax

TL 1398-255-65

Selling Agents LEVER SALES LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT

My mummy uses **'ACDO'**

Baby's clothes need more than ordinary care, for, unless as soft as down, they irritate his tender skin and make him restless and fretful.

This is one reason why mothers, everywhere, insist on 'ACDO' for washing all baby's clothes, for whilst 'ACDO' makes them snowy white, in a few minutes, and without scrubbing or rubbing, it makes them velvety soft.

But in addition 'ACDO' saves fuel and soap, and washes the grimiest, greasiest clothes equally clean.

TRY IT.

You get TWO pkts. 7d. pkts. of 'ACDO' for 1 RATION —enough to do the washing of a family of normal size for one month.

Wash with **ACDO** REGD. THE GUARANTEED SELF-WASHER

Get 'ACDO' from your GROCER, OILMAN, or STORES

ASHLEY DYE & CHEMICAL CO., LTD., BOLTON

A FRESH REASON FOR SMOKING FOUR SQUARE

Every one-ounce packet of Four Square is now wrapped in aluminium foil — it will keep its freshness, even in your pocket, to the last pipeful. Try an ounce: six blends, all medium strength.

Also in 4-oz. and 2-oz. Vacuum Tins

SMITH ALARM CLOCKS RULE THE ROOST

"A beautiful movement," say the experts. "At long last a British alarm which is not only of outstanding quality but competitive in price." Resolve to buy a Smith Alarm as soon as your dealer can supply you. It will be worth your while to wait for the "Victory" model, in pastel blue or green and chrome, or in ivory and gilt.

Issued by: SMITH'S ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., Cricklewood, London, N.W.2
The Clock and Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.

Scientific R.C.5

There is a particular reason why your dog is likely to have an impure bloodstream at this time. All through those cold, wet days of winter he was deprived of his usual exercise. So now especially he needs his "one Bob Martin's once a day" to tone up his system, help to purify his blood and keep him a lively companion.

In packets, 9 for 7d.

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit

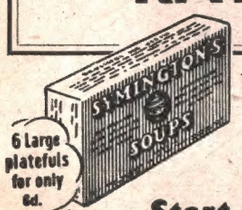
HELP IN DIFFICULT TIMES

Many of us are still feeling the after-effects of strain and danger—perhaps only now realizing quite how tired we had become. Yet the times demand vigour, energy! To rebuild our strength, we need our full quota of rest; and it is a sound instinct that prompts so many to seek the kindly comfort of Horlicks, and the deep, invigorating sleep it promotes. Many more people, in fact, are asking for Horlicks than ever before; but although as much as possible is going into the shops, hospitals' needs must still be met, and milk is still scarce. If you find Horlicks hard to get, remember these heavy extra demands.

HORLICKS

TESTED JB

IF RATIONS RUN SHORT BEFORE FRIDAY



6 Large platefuls for only 6d.

Here's a proved way of making rations last out longer! Start meals with plates of piping hot, thick, appetizing Symington's Soup, and plenty of bread. Then you'll need less of rationed foods to satisfy ravenous appetites. Try it today!

Start with **SYMINGTON'S** *thick* **SOUPS**

2½d. packet serves 2

TESTED JB

W. Symington & Co. Ltd., Market Harborough

Flower of Loveliness

Glowing with the beauty that is the hall-mark of perfect health—clear skin, sparkling eyes, firm sturdy limbs—she is a delight to behold.

Her proud mother gave her the food of Royal babies—Cow & Gate Milk Food

COW & GATE LTD.

Guildford, Surrey.

TESTED JB

BISCUITS KEEP YOU GOING...

The nation's nutrition experts have placed biscuits in the front rank of energy producing foods.

Issued by the Cake & Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

OVS-121

HARTLEY'S

the greatest name in jam-making

TESTED JB

Where there's dirt there's danger

. . . but Peggy's Mum knows a simple day-to-day protection against those risks. With Lifebuoy's antiseptic lather both dirt and the *germs in dirt* are washed away throughout the home . . . no chance of those germs attacking Peggy!

Lifebuoy—More than a GOOD SOAP—a good habit!

2½d per tablet

TESTED JB

L 423-943 *Selling Agents* LEVER SALES LTD., PORT SUNLIGHT

'CAMP' SCARCE BECAUSE IT'S SO GOOD...

TESTED JB

CONTAINS COFFEE, CHICORY and PURE SUGAR ONLY

"Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb and took out a plum,
And said 'What a good boy am I!'"

BUT IF LITTLE JACK HORNER had been eating Weetabix and stewed gooseberries—and took out a Weetabix!—he'd probably have been even more pleased with himself! Seriously, all children relish the crisp, nutty flavour of Weetabix. With hot or cold milk—or with butter, cheese, jam, marmalade or honey Weetabix can be enjoyed by all members of the family at any time.

PRICES: 7½d (2 points). Large size 1/1 (4 points).

Now available everywhere

Weetabix

MORE than a Breakfast Food

W11

TESTED JB

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants.

MELTICIPATING the return of

Melti's New Berry Fruits

Remember the wonderful Gooseberry flavour?

TESTED JB

MELTIS LTD., LONDON & BEDFORD

N.B. To 'Melticipate' is to anticipate sweetly!

TESTED JB

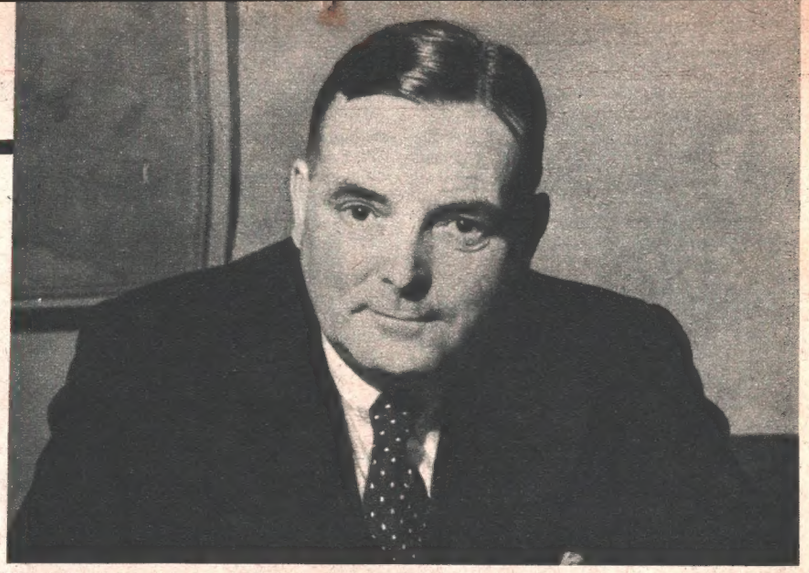
An old friend in a new dress

Any day now you may see your supply of Nestlé's Milk wearing this new and more modern label. The Milk, however, is unaltered. Nestlé's name still means the highest standard of quality and purity: in a word—the SPECIAL Full Cream Condensed Milk.

JOHN BULL April 13 1946 Vol 79 No 2078 186 High Holborn London WC1
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

TOOLS FOR THE JOB

International crime won't pay. "Demobbed" men recalled. Mr. Margrie wants Shakespeare's head. Making Clark Gable a boor. Tessie's tons of money



Prosperity depends on whether John Wilmot can supply the machines quickly

JOHN WILMOT, rich banker, Socialist and Minister of Supply, will soon be faced with indignant questions from industrial leaders.

We can notify him of the posers in advance: "How can the workers respond to your call for greater production if we can't provide them with up-to-date machinery? And how can we replace worn-out or obsolete machines so long as the manufacturers of machinery are starved of labour?"

As the prosperity of the whole country depends on the answers, Wilmot will undoubtedly treat the matter as urgent.

Tail Chasing

At first sight, the bottleneck seems a pretty hopeless one. We are short of skilled labour, despite the pockets of unemployment in some areas. Many of the skilled engineers who used to make machinery are still in the arms factories. Younger men are still being called up for the Services.

But until that bottleneck is smashed, industry will go on chasing its own tail—trying to re-employ its workers without the machinery on which to employ them.

Can it be smashed? Industry's leaders say "Yes."

Concealed Unemployment

They say a comparatively small number of men, released for machinery production, would soon enable a much greater number of workers to get busy. They say this small number of men could be obtained without upsetting the Service chiefs who demand a big standing Army.

Because, they explain, there is a lot of "concealed unemployment" in the Royal Ordnance factories which Mr. Wilmot controls.

In other words, workers in the war-time arms plants are not producing arms but are having to idle their time away. Some put the number as high as 500,000.

Isaacs Takes Action

This allegation is already being tested. So that there shall be no suspicion of thimble-rigging, the Minister of Labour has selected a hundred factories making goods for the Ministry of Supply, and is combing them all to see if their workers could be released for more urgent—and peace-time—jobs.

Whatever the result of the test, Wilmot and Isaacs between them can surely devise some method of meeting industry's demands. Obviously we shall not get the household goods we need, or build up our export trade, unless our workers are given the tools for the job.

One Pie: Many Fingers

AS ALL MODERN LIFE has become complex, no one should be astonished that government is getting as complicated as a tangled skein of wool.

It's not easy to unravel the strands. Housing, for example, concerns the Ministries of Health, Works, Town and Country Planning, Supply, Labour, the Department for Scotland, and others. A logical case can be made out for all of them, but an effort should be made to avoid such overlapping in future.

So doctor critics of Bevan's proposed National Health Service have one strong point: seven different Ministries will be running their own medical service. Wouldn't it be wiser to make the Ministry of Health responsible for the lot? Or shall we eventually have to set up a Ministry of Co-ordination?

Bad for Crooks

INTERNATIONAL CROOKS ARE GOING to have a tougher time than when Phillips Oppenheim and William le Queux wrote about them with such gusto.

For the Dutch Government, in consultation with Scotland Yard, is setting up an international crime-detection centre at the Hague—in a building formerly occupied by the Nazi S.S. Teleprinters will report to every capital in Europe the movement of rogues who recognize no frontiers; radio will transmit their photographs and fingerprints.

Though statesmen may walk out of conferences, we are slowly moving towards that goal of "one world."

Bombed-out Blues

THE BOMBED-OUT WERE TOLD they must wait till after the war for compensation. They accepted hardship uncomplainingly. But though the war has now been over eight months, and many of the victims have been waiting five years, there is still no sign of payment.

Surely, Chancellor Dalton, they should be given priority?

Less Pay

AIRMEN IN JAVA have a complaint not unlike that which arose in Italy.

They are paid in Dutch currency. Recently the guilder was reduced in value from 2s. 7½d. to 1s. 10½d. They were advised to remit their money home to obtain the old value; but only two hours were allowed for this purpose and men on duty were therefore unlucky.

Shortage of cigarettes, three weeks without mail, are other allegations that deserve official investigation.

Back to Uniform

DEMOBILIZED MEN MUST REALIZE this fact: they are not completely free of Service control until their leave period is completed. Recently seventeen men of the R.A.F., on demobilization leave, were recalled and sent back to Germany. JOHN BULL'S inquiries show that these men are needed to assist in the investigation of alleged widespread currency offences.

Both Army and R.A.F. are taking drastic action to stamp out trafficking in British currency abroad. Men with information about the money black market may be recalled from civilian life for their evidence to be taken. If they have participated in the offences to their own advantage, they will be court martialled.

Wily Landlords

RATES ARE GOING UP. So are rating valuations. But many landlords have a slick way to prevent their returns from diminishing.

"Look," they say to their tenants, "we want to be reasonable. We don't mind your sub-letting in these days of accommodation shortage. We don't want to raise the rents. So let us scrap the existing agreement and draw up another at the old rent, but with yourselves to be responsible for the rates."

The tenant usually thinks this fair—until the new rate demands come in.

G.B.S. States a Case

NINETY THIS YEAR, George Bernard Shaw is still clear-eyed and sharp of speech. And controversy is still his spice of life.

"The monstrosity of the present system of private practice in medicine," he says bluntly, "is that it gives the doctors a vested interest in disease which they are defending desperately." On the other hand, he is all for retaining free choice of one's doctors.

The solution, he argues, is simple. In

WHY WE MUST HAVE PARTY GOVERNMENT: by the Editor

AS THE PROBLEMS of the post-war world increase, some people are beginning to cry out for the return of Ministers who were successful in the war-time National Government.

Why can't we have Woolton back at the Ministry of Food? they ask. Why can't we have the best men, regardless of Party, to occupy the most difficult and vital posts? It is, of course, very arguable whether Lord Woolton was really "better" than Sir Ben Smith, or merely had more food to give us because there was more food in the world!

But the idea of inviting all the first-class Ministers we possess to join the Government, irrespective of their political beliefs, is still tempting to many people. It is therefore important to say bluntly that even if it were practicable, it has one great drawback—it just wouldn't work.

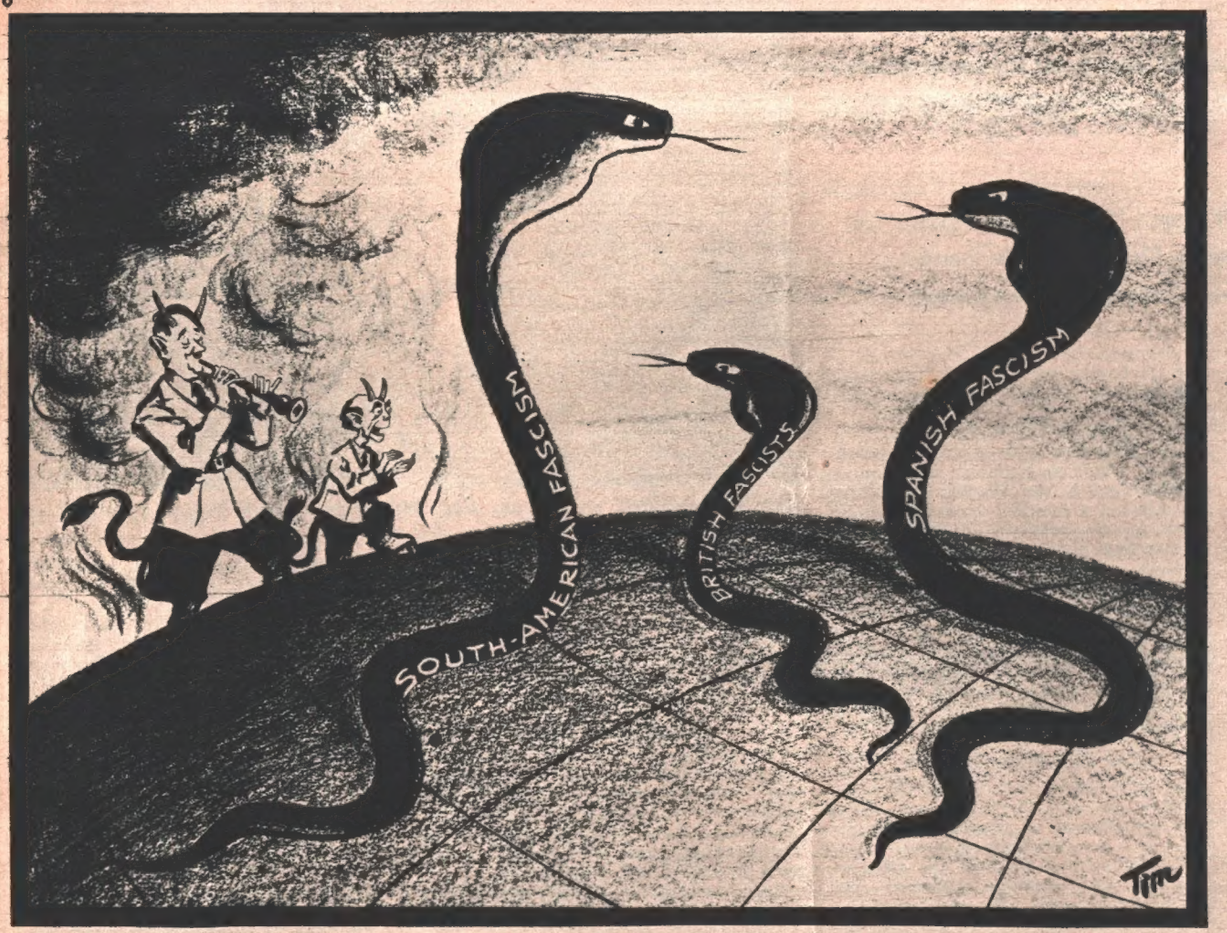
During the war, the National Government contained the best men of all Parties, and no Party, inside and outside Parliament. And on the purpose it was agreed about—winning the war—it did a wonderful job.

But the moment it got outside the immediate purpose of the war, it was quite hopeless. On any industrial question, and on most social questions, it was paralysed by differences of opinion. All the manpower difficulties by which we are now faced were fully foreseen during the war—years before its end. Yet it was quite impossible for Mr. Churchill's Government to do anything about these difficulties. The Conservative Ministers, by and large, wanted to preserve "private enterprise." The Socialist Ministers were certain that nationalization was the only solution to many problems (in coal mining, for example).

No compromise was possible, so nothing effective was done. Paralysis reigned.

That is why we must be satisfied with Party Government if urgent matters of industrial and social reconstruction are to be tackled.

As long as men and women disagree about politics, it will be necessary to form Governments, not from the best men irrespective of Party, but from the best men who agree broadly what should be done, and who get the votes of the people for their policy.



STILL PIPING THE TUNE

Sweden, "the most civilized country in Western Europe," the private doctor is paid for keeping his patients well; he gets no extra fees if the patient falls ill. The ancient Chinese, of course, went further: they stopped the doctor's fees if they fell ill.

Some doctors in Britain have long been working on the Swedish principle, but it isn't likely that either Nye Bevan or the B.M.A. will advocate it nationally.

Shakespeare's Head

WILLIAM MARGRIE is at it again. He is a school manager. A novelist. A playwright. The self-styled Sage of Camberwell. Founder of the Grand Temple of the Order of the Knights of St. George. President of the London Explorers' Club, and much else besides.

In a new booklet, *The Prophets of Peckham*, he continues his life mission of reviving Merrie England. But he probably won't find many backers for his National Brain Centre, to be built in the form of Shakespeare's head with the mouth as entrance, where there will be a thinkers' library, a debunkers' library, and tea rooms in which loud-speakers bawl snatches of Shakespeare.

Mr. Margrie is more acceptable when less serious:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
(If you marry the guv'nor's daughter,
You will get there in half the time).

Gable slaps 'em down

THAT CURIOUS HOTCH-POTCH film, *Adventure*, in which Clark Gable has his first part since his return from the war, makes him one of those boorish Hollywood characters who capture women's hearts by ill-mannered, over-bearing assault.

Since slap-'em-down heroes are not typical of the average American, why does Hollywood go on creating them? Why does it choose such an oaf to mark the return of one of its most admired actors?

If the answer is based upon the theory that these fellows are as all young men would like to be, Hollywood is widely off the mark.

Only corner-boys have that sort of ambition.

Coincidence?

SOME WEEKS AGO, Geoffrey Handley-Taylor was offered a directorship in a mammoth circus project. He travelled from York to London to meet the promoter, "T. Montgomery," whom he describes as "a rotund little man, with a loose set of dentures, pink complexion, a fiery wig and a barman's quiff." And he was told he could have that directorship if he produced two or three titled friends to sit on the board.

He was tempted. But, returning to the station, he bought a copy of JOHN BULL and read a warning against the very man he had travelled so far to see!

A remarkable coincidence—though it's no coincidence that JOHN BULL keeps an eye on such people as Montgomery. Handley-Taylor, author of a notable book on Italian ballet, tells us he describes the incident in a new book, *Magenta Moments*, which will appear in the summer.

Withdraw this Circular!

NEXT-OF-KIN OF SERVICEMEN killed in action overseas are now receiving a letter from the Imperial War Graves Commission. It gives a reproduction of the headstone to be placed over each grave in the official cemeteries, and adds:

"You will notice a space is left for a personal inscription to be selected by the relatives if they so desire.

"Some relatives have expressed a wish to pay for the inscription and an opportunity will be given them later of meeting the cost. Should they not wish to do so the cost will be borne by the Commission." A form enclosed states that if borne by the relatives the charge will not exceed 7s. 6d. But surely the country for which men sacrificed their lives should pay for the inscription on war grave-stones in every case?

Tons of Money

TOPPING THE NEW London Palladium bill will be two-ton Tessie O'Shea at £350 a week—a contrast to the time when she appeared at the same theatre without being mentioned on the programme. But even then her nine-minute act brought down the house.

Soon we shall see her on the screen in the new Sid Field picture, *London Town*, which Wesley Ruggles came here specially to direct. Tessie was paid £20,000 for her work in it.

Glamour on the Air

NEXT TO VARIETY, radio plays attract most listeners, according to the latest B.B.C. investigation. Material is now being prepared for a play based on the career of "The Great Lafayette."

Lafayette's real name was Neuberger. He was a German-American illusionist rated by some judges even higher than Houdini. He lived in great state in Tavistock Square, surrounded by a retinue of negroes. Every room in the house was decorated in a different colour scheme, and he always used mauve note-paper and purple ink for correspondence.

He died when fire broke out during a performance at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and he rushed back to the stage to try and save his favourite horse.

Best-tipped actor to play the part on the air is N'Gai, music-hall magician and "prophet." N'Gai is really Marleigh-Ludlow, educated at Eton and Balliol. As a young man he lived with a native tribe on the Upper Congo and claims to have clairvoyant powers.

From Abbey to Swing

JUDGING FROM HIS FAN MAIL, Robin Richmond is pleasing the radio swing addicts. Some of them may be surprised to hear that he learned to play the organ in Westminster Abbey!

He was educated at Westminster School and his parents wanted him to be a lawyer. He became interested in the organ but Dr. Nicholson, a former organist of the Abbey, assured him that his playing was more suited to jazz than hymns. And so it has proved.

Russia's Mr. Middleton

COMRADE PRYADILSHCHIKOV is the hero of Moscow's gardeners, king of the cabbage-patches.

A constructional engineer, he had never done any gardening before the German invasion of Russia. Then he buckled to in a big way.

Posters all over the Moscow hoardings urge citizens to emulate the Pryadilshchikov potato production figures. He lifted 12 cwts from 70 square yards of land. He also got a cwt. of carrots from four square yards. "Hard work is the secret," says Moscow's Mr. Middleton.

Snooker Democracy

DETERMINED TO MAKE professional billiards and snooker pay enough to encourage the best amateurs to turn professionals, a London business man, W. M. Jelks, has begun by organizing the World's Professional Snooker Championship at the Royal Horticultural Hall, London, next month.

So, for the first time, we shall see Joe Davis and Horace Lindrum, the finest exponents of snooker, in conditions far removed from the snooty atmosphere typical of the game in the old days.

Dilemma

MOST AMUSING SIDELIGHT on Birmingham's failure to reach the Cup Final was the dilemma of the local A.R.P. authorities. They had confidently reckoned on selling hundreds of gas rattles to Brum supporters at Wembley.

Now all they hope to do is to sell them to gardeners for scaring birds.

Back to the Brush

THE STUDY OF THE SNOOKER PLAYER on our cover this week is the work of Ronald Brett, who drew his demob suit as recently as January 20.

Brett did a lot of poster work for the railways before the war, but this is the first cover he has done, and therefore a new venture for him as well as for us.

He joined the Royal Armoured Corps in 1940. He was with the First Army in the North African campaign. After the clean-up of Rommel's forces, he went to Bone, half-way between Tunis and Algiers, and then to Technical Intelligence at A.F. Headquarters, Algiers.

He is glad to be back. He chose the snooker subject himself, but says his own favourite games are cricket and tennis.

"YOUR READINESS TO ASSIST YOUR READERS

has been fully proved," writes Mr. A. Prescott, of Bristol, in acknowledging payment under JOHN BULL's Free Family Insurance following an outbreak of fire at his home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, ETC.

Tens of thousands of people are organizing to revive Fascism in Britain. JOHN BULL believes this menace must be checked now, and addresses this OPEN LETTER to the Home Secretary, the Rt. Hon. J. Chuter Ede, M.P.

OUR FASCISTS MUST BE STOPPED NOW

DEAR MR. CHUTER EDE,—I expect something more from you than passive disapproval of the new Fascist menace. For it is growing rapidly, as I predicted months ago that it would.

Though the worst war in history is still fresh in our minds, though the grief of the bereaved has not lost its poignancy and the world is still torn and impoverished, tens of thousands of people in Britain are preaching the disastrous doctrine of Hitler and revering him as a saint.

Some do it openly. Others meet in secret. Throughout the country Fascist organizations are being built up.

Leader of many of them, I need hardly remind you, is Sir Oswald Mosley. Long war-time detention has not loosened his hold on his followers.

I know he is being closely watched. I know that detectives are having to spend much time—and public money—in touring the country to attend Fascist rallies.

I am glad that Commander Leonard Burt, who took charge of many spy cases during the war, has been appointed by Sir Harold Scott to lead Scotland Yard's Special Branch. And Sir Harold, as Commissioner of Police for the metropolis, has already submitted to you detailed reports that show how some of our newest groups of Fascists are saluting the war criminals now on trial at Nuremberg.

But your answers to parliamentary questions on the subject have been chilly. Yes, you say, you are aware of the dangers. Everything possible is being done to keep the leading Fascists under observation. But you do not think it necessary to amend the law—"as such a step might give them a false idea of their importance." I disagree.

Do you not remember how the pre-war British Union of Fascists, headed by Mosley and "Lord Haw-Haw" Joyce, became a powerful organization because of Home Office apathy?

Action Required Now

Eventually, of course, the Government had to intervene because of serious disorders. I believe intervention will be necessary again. Information I have obtained should convince you that action is required now, and I suggest to you that such a man as Arnold Spencer Leese should engage your immediate attention.

From headquarters at Guildford, within view of the famous Newlands Corner, this apostle of Hitler and arch-hater of the Jews directs the Imperial Fascist League.

My Chief Investigator, William J. Gage, succeeded, not without difficulty, in interviewing him recently. Leese spoke frankly and forcibly.

He reviled the British statesmen whom he regards as responsible for the "untimely" death of Hitler. He lamented the plight of the man who hoped to bomb our defenceless people into submission and whom he regards as the greatest living politician.

"If I could go to Nuremberg to plead for Goering in his defence, I'd be off like a shot," he said.

He has done the next best thing. He says he has sent a treatise on Jewry, written in his own hand, to Goering's counsel!

You may answer that he is entitled to his opinions. I agree. But is Leese or anyone else entitled to form an association which aims at the destruction of all our liberties?

Let me inform you that, during this interview, he made no secret of the fact that the Imperial Fascist League will shortly resume operations "in full."

But, though he will command it from behind the scenes, a younger man will nominally be in control.

I have watched Leese's career for years. Told in full, it would read like an Oppenheim thriller, but the barest outline should convince you that he is dangerous.

Educated at Cambridge, he became a veterinary surgeon and held good posts abroad. He founded the Imperial Fascist League in 1928 and, unlike Mosley, refused membership to people he regarded as "common."

With a printer named Walter Whitehead (now friendly with the notorious Edward Godfrey, founder of the pro-Nazi "British National Party") he published a seditious paper called *The Fascist*.

He approved the killing of Jews, sterilization, deportation and racial murder.

On the Hitlerite Pattern

He developed his league on the Hitlerite pattern and his thousands of followers were dressed in a kind of S.S. uniform with an armband bearing a large swastika.

He was, indeed, actually known as the "Fuehrer." His meetings were attended not only by British Fascists but by young German visitors.

His headquarters were in Craven Street, off the Strand. He had branches in Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Newport and Glasgow. He travelled widely by car to address propaganda meetings.

He linked himself closely to the Nazi headquarters. He was often in the company of Ribbentrop and other German notorieties.

And, as his movement grew, so did his animosities. He included Freemasons in his list of enemies. He went so far as to attack the Crown, proclaiming that the Royal Family was "misled and mistaken."

Unlike most other leaders of British Fascism, he detested Mosley. Sir Oswald returned the antagonism with considerable interest, and I can record one episode that Leese will never forget.

Dressed in khaki breeches, riding boots and black shirt, he was speaking at a hall in the West End of London just before the war. His lieutenants listened respectfully to a "Peace with Germany" speech, but they were quickly swept aside by a crowd of Mosleyites that invaded the platform.

Leese was seized, his shirt was torn off, his breeches were lowered, and he was given a savage beating. He received head injuries, too, which kept him in bed for a fortnight.

Many of the demonstrators were wounded and taken to hospital, but Leese did not prosecute. Then, during the war, he was eclipsed but not extinguished by three and a half years in jail under Regulation 18b.

Such is the man who has revived the Imperial Fascist League.

He boasts of his friendship with well-known people—and claims to be an authority on camels!

At my representative's interview with him, he described Great Britain as a "second-rate Power which will soon be a third-rate one." According to him, "we are all going to the dogs because Jewry forced us to go to war with Germany."

Leese has just finished a book called *The Jewish War of Survival*. It is so filled with poison that not one of the many printers he has approached will handle it.

So several of his disciples are stencilling the pages for him and binding it by hand.

Six Months in Prison

In it he declares that Europe is dominated by Bolshevism and that the British Empire is rotten to the core. "But," he exclaims dramatically, "I can still save the Empire."

Well, he served six months' imprisonment in 1936 for causing a public mischief in connection with his writings.

I am told that his new effusion is now being studied by Sir Harold Scott and Scotland Yard's legal advisers. When it reaches your department you may find good reason for curbing the pernicious activities of Arnold Spencer Leese.

I suggest, moreover, that it will be worth your while to consider the results of detailed inquiries by my Chief Investigator, which I propose to publish forthwith.

They provide a disturbing exposure of other Fascist leaders and their aims. They offer more than enough evidence, I am convinced, that the new Fascist peril demands a stronger countermeasure than a policy of "wait and see."

JOHN BULL.

Commander Leonard Burt, experienced in anti-sabotage work during the war, is the new head of Scotland Yard's Special Branch

Arnold Spencer Leese, ex-18b detainee, anti-Jewish, against the Empire, is now directing the Imperial Fascist League

PRIVATE VIEW OF CRIPPS

HE GETS THE GOODS

SOCIALISM WAS BORN of the union of passionate ideals, but there had to be a lot more than just faith to make it the dominant force in British politics. Sir Stafford Cripps's contribution was his sacrifice.

Man of peace and a practical visionary; an intellectual, a scientist and an energetic Anglican churchgoer; humble and honest as a person but implacable and quite obstinate in the vehemence of his convictions; a vegetarian and teetotaller; an ascetic who douses himself with cold water every morning at six, summer and winter, eats only one uncooked meal a day and works for sixteen hours out of every twenty-four.

On the face of things, austere Stafford Cripps doesn't appear to have much fun the way a normal person has fun. Actually he is a very serious-minded man. He is not companionable and shows hardly any inclination for the society of his fellow-beings when they have nothing better to do than enjoy themselves. But when he is on the job, he has plenty to say and appears much more at ease. He seems to enjoy being hard at work.

His working day begins punctually at 8.35 every morning, when he steps out of his flat in Whitehall Court and walks briskly along the Thames Embankment. Ten minutes later he passes through the richly-carved bronze doors of the Board of Trade.

PUNCTUALITY was never a strong point of Mr. Hugh Dalton, with the result that the Board of Trade, during his office, was a happy, easy-going affair. It got along but took its time. Yet two weeks after Stafford Cripps took office every department felt the tang of his pepping influence. Things began to hum.

That is the secret of Sir Stafford's speed and output of work. He thinks and acts quickly. A thing is done and finished with. A caller is interviewed, the subject of his visit is discussed and the caller is out. No time wasted.

If there is no official engagement that day, Sir Stafford lunches at home where his wife prepares a meal consisting of vegetables, sour milk, wholemeal bread and butter and, sometimes, a baked potato. He adopted this form of diet eleven years ago for health reasons. Now he continues with it, finding that it tones up the mind, and that the constitution does not require quite so much sleep to work off toxic effects. Though abstemious with his food, he is a heavy smoker of pipes, cigarettes and cigars. He is one of those few men who can enjoy a cigar first thing in the morning.

After lunch, Sir Stafford plunges again into work. He finds time occasionally to tour branches of the department in turn, even the outbuildings, and speak personally to as many of his staff as possible. He is charming, considerate and fatherly towards employees, but he works them hard.

He showers his senior officials with little notes written in red ink that are stimulating and, at the same time, quite irritating. He is a superhuman working machine himself, but is apt sometimes to overlook the simple needs of ordinary men.

HE leaves the office by 6.30 or seven and walks back to Whitehall Court with a bagful of home-work that will keep him up till, sometimes, two o'clock. Next morning it is passed out to his secretary, always finished, with the usual crop of red ink notes.

Richard Stafford Cripps belongs to a long line of parliamentarians. He was born in April, 1889, the youngest of five children. His father was Lord Parmoor, that great moralist, lawyer and politician who was a Conservative M.P., made a peer by the Liberals and became a Socialist Minister.

Stafford was a serious youngster, but a darling of his governess and early in the spotlight. He was so given to advising his elders that the family called him "Dad." He went to school at Winchester, and later was a brilliant science student at University College, London, under Sir William Ramsay.

He switched to law and was called to the Bar in 1913. During the war he served, first in the Red Cross, then as manager of an explosives factory.

Within the first ten years of the post-war period Stafford Cripps had climbed to the very top of his profession as a lawyer. He was feared and respected and, with Sir William Jowitt, was considered the most efficient law officer in the country within living memory. His yearly income approximated £30,000.

He specialized in compensation and ecclesiastical law, both difficult and lucrative subjects. Students who wish to study the same subjects today must master *Cripps on Compensation* and *Cripps on Church and Clergy*.

IN 1928 Cripps abandoned law as a career and became a Socialist. It was at a time when dozens of wealthy companies would have paid him any figure to handle a brief, but he had never been concerned entirely with the amassing of wealth. Socialism was woven intricately into his Christianity and he merely followed his convictions.

When in London, Sir Stafford and his wife live in a tiny flat, consisting of bedroom, sitting-room and bathroom.

If possible, he likes to relax over the weekend in Gloucestershire, but more often than not he finds himself visiting factories or wading through mountains of homework.

Sometimes he potters about in his carpenter's shop. Once he built a little hand loom and wove vivid scarves for his wife and daughters.

He has many interests that range from science to farming, pottery, the fine arts and industrial design. As a younger man he played an energetic game of squash and rode quite a lot.

Sir Stafford has long been absorbed in the Indian problem. His motives, again, are idealistic and sincere, and he is a personal friend of the more inflammatory Indian leaders. He failed in 1942, but, at that time no Englishman could have succeeded. His experience as well as his obvious good faith and integrity should now be invaluable.

TALKING POINTS ABOUT

DREAMS

"TO SLEEP, PERCHANCE TO DREAM . . ." Hamlet was wrong, say the psychologists—there's no chance about it, it's a certainty. We dream every night, and all night. But only a few of our dreams are remembered.

★ ★ ★

Two American research workers obtained with cine-cameras a complete record of facial expression during sleep. The face muscles were unceasingly in action, suggesting speech, pleasure, fear—proof of continuous dreaming. The encephelograph, which records the minute electric currents produced by the workings of the brain, also shows sleep to be a period of thought activity.

★ ★ ★

Thus problems may be solved in dreams, sometimes very strangely. A scientist who had completely failed to determine certain atomic linkages dreamed he was watching a dance. The pattern of changing partners gave the solution of his difficulty.

★ ★ ★

David Parkinson, of the Bell Telephone Laboratory, U.S.A., dreamed in 1940 he was firing an A.A. gun electrically controlled. Waking, he sketched the device. The U.S. Army used it.

★ ★ ★

Plots for stories and plays come in dreams. William Archer dreamed his famous thriller, *The Green Goddess*. But often dream-stuff written down half-waking proves to be rubbish.

★ ★ ★

Have dreams any meaning? Sigmund Freud, of Vienna, discoverer of psycho-analysis, held that they were the fulfilment, in imagination, of our wishes. Since many of our secret wishes would horrify us if we knew them, they appear in our dreams disguised, as though in code. Freud learned to interpret the code, and thus knew what was troubling his patients.

★ ★ ★

Do dreams foretell the future? No, say the psychologists—*except in so far as wishes may shape actions.*

★ ★ ★

J. W. Dunne, the mathematician, slept for years with a pad and pencil at his bedside. From dreams thus recorded he decided that in sleep the mind is free from time and has glimpses not only of the past, but equally of the future.

★ ★ ★

Women dream far more vividly than men, and gave Dunne much interesting material. Before she was married, Mrs. Priestley (wife of "J. B.") dreamed that she saw her death reported. A few days later she read the paragraph. It referred to another woman of the same name—Winifred Holland.

★ ★ ★

There are a few cases of Derby-winner dreams coming off, but far more do not. A woman who dreamed the Grand National winner, in the next two years dreamed also-rans.

★ ★ ★

Franz Plewa, Vienna psychiatrist, insists that dreams bring out of our brains only what is already in them. For instance, a stockbroker dreamed correctly of stock rises for several weeks. When illness kept him from the office, he continued to back his dream tips, but lost heavily. His first dreams had been simply his own logical conclusions; as soon as he lacked accurate information his dreams let him down.

★ ★ ★

Dreams can be appallingly vivid. Sleeping in a train, a French Communist dreamed he was pursued by the Gestapo—and actually "escaped" by climbing on to the roof.

★ ★ ★

Subtlest dream problem of all time was set by Chinese philosopher. "Last night I dreamed I was a butterfly. Am I, then, today a man who has dreamed he was a butterfly, or am I, perchance, a butterfly dreaming he is a man?"

Working mothers had nothing but praise for war-time nurseries. These must be reopened and extended

IF WOMEN MUST WORK

by KATHLEEN TAYLOR

WE ARE SHORT of a million workers in Britain. Half that number are women who have left industry since the end of the war. Mr. Attlee recently made a special appeal to the women "to remain at, or go back to work."

Would it be logical to suppose that if the half-million women who have left industry since the war went back, then fifty per cent of our labour problem would be solved right away?

There's no question about the way the women feel. They are prepared to rally round the Government, to help get the country on its feet as rapidly as possible. They are eager to produce the things we are short of, clothes, pots and pans and so on.

But many of these ex-war workers are mothers of children under two. For them the appeal to go back to work is paradoxical. On the one hand they are urged back to industry. On the other they are discouraged because in the transition from war to peace many day nurseries which they hoped would take care of their children are closing down.

Why is this? The local authorities responsible for closing the day nurseries say they are too expensive. Some go very far in their attempts to justify themselves. They talk about "good-time mothers gadding about while their children are looked after for them in the nurseries."

Let's be realistic about this matter. Women are needed in industry if Britain is to get back to her peace-time prosperity. It might even be a question of women in industry or an impoverished Britain.

It is a national question. An emergency, if you like. If women are to be got back into industry in order that Britain may get on its feet, then they must be helped back into industry.

They must have somewhere to leave their children while they are at work. That is simple deduction.

"We can't go to work and leave our babies anywhere," say the mothers. Of course they can't.

And yet in London alone 208 nurseries catering for more than 10,000 have closed in the past year.

Today there are less than 1,347 day nurseries for the whole country. At the peak period, January, 1945, the number reached 1,555.

Day nurseries are not a new idea. They have been in existence for forty years. Before the war there were about 108 open. But they came into prominence as a war-time emergency measure.

The Ministry of Labour said to the Government: "We want the women of Britain. We must have them in the factories."

The Ministry of Health asked: "What is going to happen to the children? We must have nurseries."

Between them these two Government bodies got the nurseries going.

State Foots the Bill

The Government paid for these nurseries 100 per cent, and the welfare authorities of the local councils ran them.

The grant was a war-time grant. An emergency. But the emergency did not end on V-Day. The Government realized this and decided to continue the 100 per cent grant until March 31. From April 1, the local authorities are getting a fifty per cent grant from the Government. The other fifty per cent they must provide themselves.

That's why we are hearing and reading about the closing of nurseries in some areas.

The local authorities have now got to work out their own finances. Some of the cost of the day nurseries will come out of the rates. Some will be collected from the mothers.

And that's another sore point. Some local authorities propose keeping the nurseries open and increasing the charge to the mothers. In some cases the increases are too high to make it worth while for the mothers to go out to work.

It is unfortunate that whenever anything for the benefit of child welfare and health is mooted thousands of people start thinking only of expense.

Many voices were raised against nursery provision in the early part of the war. Yet anybody might have known that unless we were bombed out of existence these nurseries would have to be provided so that the mothers could be spared to work.

Those same voices are being raised again now that the question of nursery provision is being referred to local authorities. Local controversy is going on about cost. In the meantime nurseries are being closed.

I feel inclined to say here that this is a classic case for more mothers to be on the councils. They would deal efficiently with questions such as these.

As it is, there is the possibility that some councils will turn down the idea of nurseries because the Medical Officer might not agree with them.

Mixed up with the question of cost is a lot of sentimental tosh about family ties. Young babies should be with their mothers and similar arguments.

Nobody denies that it is far better for the under twos to be with their mothers. But the country is crying out for women. And in many cases there is very little home to talk about.

For goodness' sake let's be realistic about things. And let's be honest. Many women are not thinking at all about the good of the country as such. They have to go out to work to keep the home going. They are not working for Britain's prosperity. They are working for themselves and their children.

"A man's money now doesn't keep the home going," said Mrs. Jeffrey, when she called for her two little girls, Brenda and Marie, at the Coral Street Day Nursery.

This particular day nursery is fortunate in having a progressive local council, Lambeth Borough Council. The Medical Officer of Health, Dr. Thompson, knows the advantages of day nurseries for the under fives.

Lambeth has nine day nurseries. It has already sent in its plans to keep all these day nurseries open.

If the opponents of nurseries on the grounds of expense or home ties or anything else were to spend a little time talking with the mothers who use these nurseries I am confident that they would not merely insist on them keeping open. They would ask for more to be opened.

Coral Street nursery has eighty-two children. Some are babies a few months old. All the mothers go to work. They range from office cleaners to private secretaries.

Here is a day's routine. The nursery is open from 7.30 a.m. till 7 p.m. On Saturdays till 4 p.m. Closed on Sundays.

The children always have a hot breakfast—fried bacon, fried bread and potatoes. About twice a week they have an egg. The week's menu includes porridge, ham, baked beans on toast, cornflakes or some other cereal. They always have plenty of bread and butter with honey or some other preserve. And there is the invariable milk drink.

After breakfast comes hair combing with a fine-tooth comb. Then, in fine weather, they go for a walk. Their favourite one is along the Embankment to see the ships.

On rainy days they play indoors. They have their occupational toys. And best of all they can play with water in the nursery. Something they can't do at home!

About 10.30 they all have their daily dose of orange juice and cod liver oil. The staff have learned that the little ones take it easily when it is given them by the older children, who go all along the line dishing out the doses.

From then on till lunch-time at 11.45, it is free play. Before lunch they go in little groups of six and seven to wash their hands.

Lunch is a hot meal. Meat or fish with vegetables or salad, followed by a milk or fruit pudding, suet roll or sponge. The staff at this nursery bottled quite a lot of fruit during the summer. Consequently, at least once a week, the children have fruit and custard. Also, once a week, they follow up lunch with cheese and biscuits.

After lunch they sleep for a couple of hours. Beds are folded up and for an hour until tea-time there are games and stories. Nice things for tea is a rule. Salmon, sardine or ham sandwiches. Scrambled egg or salad, bread and butter, jam or honey, biscuits or cakes and again a milk drink.

Just Like Home

From then onwards, they play until their mothers come for them. The last child is out by 6 o'clock.

The tiny babies live much the same kind of life as they would at home. Bathed in the nursery every day, they sleep in the mornings and afternoons and are collected when their mothers leave work.

The older children at this nursery, because of the shortage of staff and equipment, cannot possibly be bathed every day. That is the ideal. They do get bathed once a week at least, and twice if possible. And they see the doctor once a week. Every child is immunized against diphtheria.

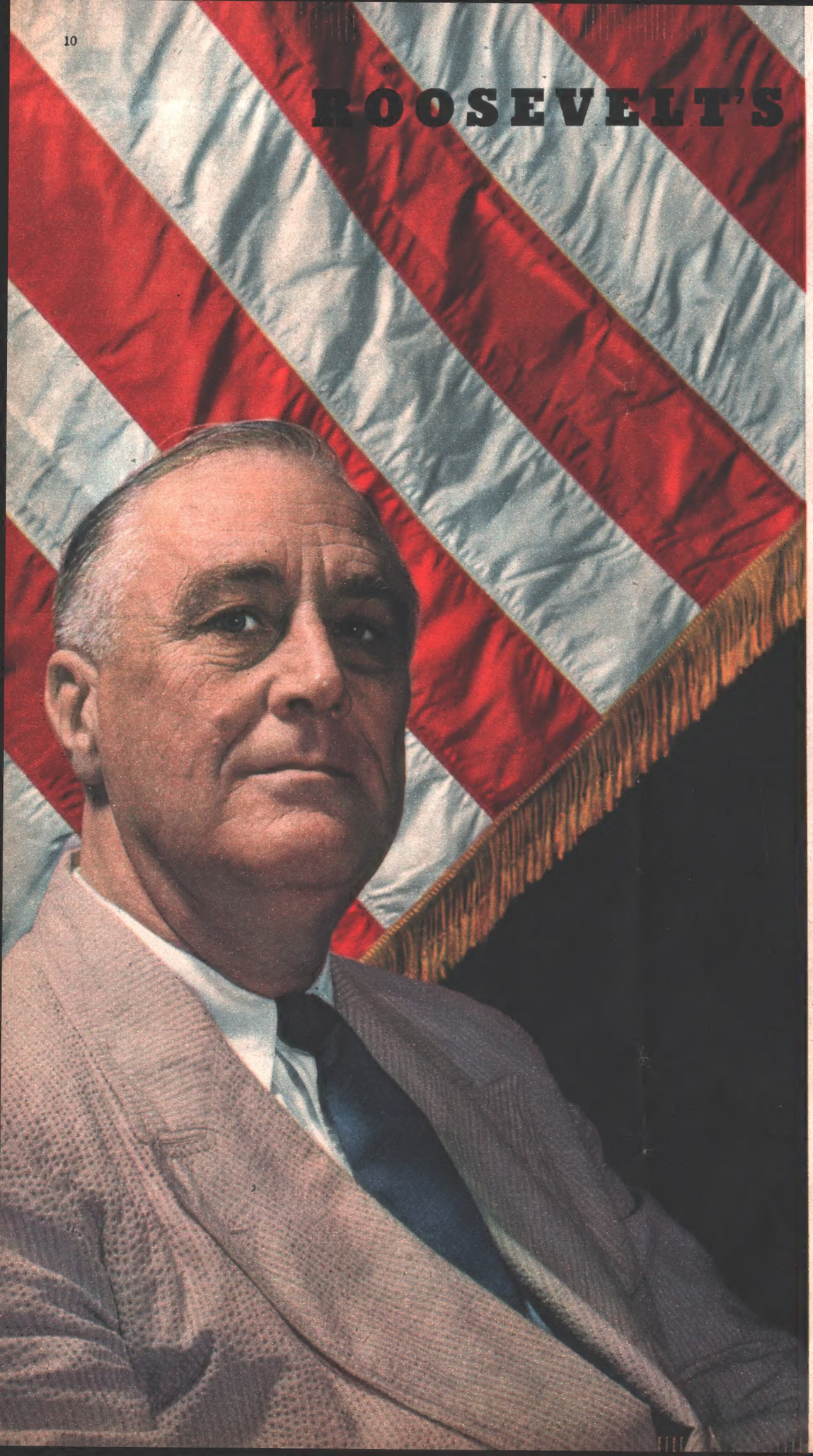
No wonder the mothers are grateful. Till now all this has cost them 1s. a day per child. The rest of the cost has been borne by the Government.

Four-year-old Christine Cella's mother is a waitress. Her father is still in the Army. "Even when he comes home I shall still have to go out to work to help with the income. I hope to goodness that this day nursery will keep open otherwise I shan't be able to work. And I have to, if you know what I mean."

She scoffed at the idea of the nursery taking her place with Christine. "While you're at work all day you don't have the worry of whether they're being looked after."

She's right. The nurseries are more than nurseries. They are training grounds for the children. Taking them in at their most formative ages they teach the children good habits and prevent the bad ones. Isn't this alone worth the cost?

The reopening of the State nurseries may well be the key to Britain's "stock the shops" drive. Our women want to help industry back on its feet, but they are not free to work until adequate provision is made for their children



ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE F

Death was not the end of plans for the future of the wo were a year ago. The mess champion of the common ma

JUST A YEAR AGO THIS WEEK, at Warm Springs, Georgia, Franklin Delano Roosevelt put down some State papers which had intruded upon his holiday, pressed his hand to his forehead as if he were tired, leaned back in his chair—and died.

It happened so quietly that the woman artist who was sketching him thought he had fallen asleep. Some time passed before the negro butler discovered that the thirty-first President of the United States would never need his help again.

In no time after that, however, the news flashed round the world. In deserts and jungles, cities and villages from the tropics to the snows, men of many races heard it and were sad.

We knew a dauntless ally had gone from us, but at that time, with war distorting all historical perspective, it was impossible to make a cool and accurate assessment of his final place in human annals.

Ranked with Lincoln

Now the mists are clearing; and emerging through them are the towering outlines of one of the greatest figures of any age or nation.

Already, an American poll has placed Roosevelt above Lincoln and Washington in the esteem of his countrymen. In London, and in other capitals not always friendly to his land, plans are being made to set up memorials to him. And whenever men of goodwill survey the stormy post-war prospect, they wish that this man of destiny were back to speak for them, to give them new vision, inspiration and courage.

We see now, too, how perfectly he complemented Churchill in the war-time leadership of democracy. While the indomitable British leader personified Victory, saying: "Let us win the war before we waste time planning what will come after," the President stood, in the minds of most people of the United Nations he christened, for all our hopes of the better world without which victory would be barren.

He was a pioneer of new frontiers of freedom. That is why his voice is so much missed in the world's councils—and why we can best mark the

THE WORLD MUST RE

"Peace can be made and kept on of free and peace-loving peoples w willing to help one another, and . . . and try to understand each

"International co-operation and p nation assuming that it has a mo

OR TODAY

Roosevelt. Today, his hopes and rld are even more timely than they age and life of "this aristocratic n," are still vital to world harmony

by VICTOR THOMPSON

anniversary of his death by remembering the lessons of his career and ideals.

Even in the circumstances of his birth, in 1882, there is, in a way, a message for us; for in him were mingled Dutch, French, Scots and Irish strains.

What is more, this champion of the common man came from the rich and the aristocratic, as if to prove that classes as well as nationalities may merge to the profit of each.

His youth was normal for his station, but by the time he was at Harvard there were already manifest in him two of the qualities which stood out in his later years and which the whole world needs today—zest for work, and a warm interest in all kinds of people.

Naturally, he was popular. Indeed, by the time he had entered politics and become Assistant Secretary of the Navy, people were saying that he was a little too charming to go far, that if his path had been harder he might have been tougher. Probably there was some truth in that opinion at that time—but the path was to become hard enough later.

Soon after the first World War, he was stricken down with poliomyelitis, a form of infantile paralysis.

They said that he was done for, and certainly it looked like it for a long time, for his case was a bad one. But Roosevelt, then aged thirty-nine, resolved to fight the terrible fate that had come upon him. He persevered with painful and apparently hopeless exercises. He concentrated all his will-power on getting well.

Triumph over Sickness

In two years, though he was never to walk without sticks again, he had returned to life—and his triumph over disease had given a lesson to the world.

He was tough enough now, certainly. Even his handsome face had changed, and set in more resolute lines.

During long hours of thought while he had lain paralysed, his views had strengthened from the comfortable Whiggery which he had inherited to something broader, more radical. By the time he was standing for the governorship of New York State in 1928, he was a fervent democrat as well as a Democrat—two labels which are not always the same.

His was a notable administration, a testing time for many of the reforms which he had dreamed of in the past and which he was to apply to all America in the future.

Then, at the height of the great depression, he was chosen as Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and, after a series of great speeches in the magical voice that was soon to be heard all round the world, he was elected by an unparalleled vote.

Vast Range of Reform

As soon as he was inaugurated, Congress began to pass a vast programme of reform, covering the whole range of industry and involving huge schemes of public relief works.

He radiated confidence, dispelled the mounting panic by sheer force of personality. He did, in the depression in America, what Churchill did in Britain in 1940.

He made sure in his famous "fireside chats" over the radio, that the nation knew what he was trying to do, and why he was trying to do it. He had the rare power of making government seem interesting.

We have not space to consider in any detail the scope of the measures he introduced during his first two terms of office. Most of them, in any event, were reforms that had been won in Britain at least twenty years earlier.

What is more important to us now is to recall how Roosevelt made his country strong for the war which he plainly foresaw, and how he led it, traditionally isolationist though it was, towards its destiny.

Amid many clamouring voices, he performed a prodigious task of national education; remaining cheerful, even exuberant, in the face of a most vicious campaign of vilification waged by the financial and industrial barons whose domination he threatened.

His enemies, who controlled most of the Press and the film industry, assailed him as a dictator, a plotter against the sacred Constitution, an irresponsible spendthrift, even a maniac. He outmanœuvred them.

To do so, it is true, he had to sacrifice some of his dearest aims, and to intrigue in his turn. One saw then the faults in the man as well as his strength: the way in which he was fascinated by power, loved the indirect approach, used the arts of the demagogue, often patched up tactics from day to day instead of adhering to his chosen strategy.

But in the international field, where war was coming closer, his voice was always sternly on the side of justice and decency. He went as far ahead of his people as he could.

When, despite his many appeals to the leaders of other nations, the second World War began, he was uncompromisingly sympathetic to those who stood against the aggressors.

Only Congress could alter America's neutrality, but he persuaded it first to relax the ban on the supply of aeroplanes, munitions and weapons to France and Great Britain by introducing "Cash and Carry," and then to embark on a vast programme of national defence.

Re-elected for an unprecedented third term in 1940, he traded fifty destroyers to Britain, and introduced Lend-Lease—"the most unselfish and unsordid act of any country," as Churchill called it.

In May, 1941, still fighting his enemies at home, he declared a state of "unlimited national emergency"; and before the end of the year Japan had struck at Pearl Harbour and America was in the world conflict.

But by then, it is fair to say, Roosevelt's life's battle for democracy was already won. He was immersed thereafter in all the mighty concerns of a commander-in-chief, though in the Atlantic Charter and other declarations he still insisted firmly on his Four Freedoms, on the rights of the common man.

Collaborate—or Perish

He died on the eve of victory—just before the San Francisco Conference which inaugurated the United Nations Organization, the embodiment of his ideals. And in his last speech, as in so many others, he said what we ought all to study today:

"It is a matter of national decency that we should help to feed those who have not enough to eat. . . . We cannot afford isolationism. It is world collaboration or another world conflict."

Today, with doubts, greeds and temptations harassing the nations as they stare at the future, we cannot too often recall these and other utterances of a noble man who, in conquering a fell disease, seemed to find the secret of most human victories.

He saved his own country and helped to save the world. His body is buried but, like that other great American, who also freed slaves, his soul goes marching on.

MEMBER HIS WORDS

ly by the united determination ho are willing to work together, willing to respect . . . tolerate other's opinions and feelings."

rogress are not helped by any nopoly of wisdom or of virtue."

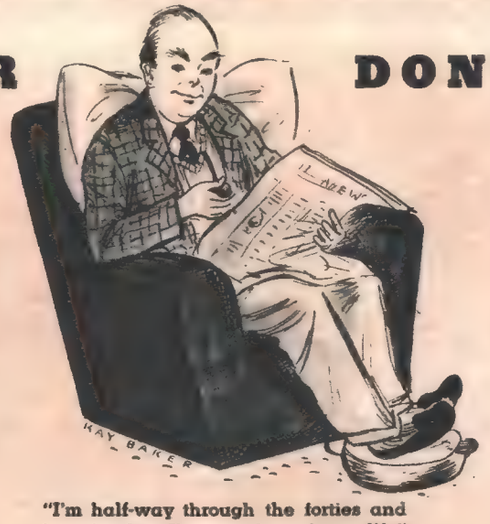
"Democracy is the most humane, the most advanced, and, in the end, the most unconquerable of all forms of human society."

"Our ultimate objective is to build a world in which each individual shall have the opportunity to live in peace, to work productively, to think and worship freely, and to die secure in the knowledge that his children shall have the same opportunity."

As I was saying ★ ★ by Herbert Hodge

RED LIGHT FOR DONKEY DRIVERS

The world's work has been done by donkey-driving methods long enough, says Herbert Hodge. Today, we need a new driving-force behind our efforts



"I'm half-way through the forties and happier than I've ever been in my life"

CYNICS ARE ALREADY SAYING that the Government has no hope of persuading people to work harder while living conditions remain as they are.

Well, when we voted for this Government, we voted for a new way of life. So it seems to me we ought at least to be willing to try a new way of working.

The usual method of getting people to do the world's work has been the donkey-driving method—the whip and the carrot. If the donkey won't go, you give him the whip. If he will go, you give him the carrot.

But in this country, at the moment, there's practically no compulsion. And until we've rebuilt our industry and manufactured enough to supply the export market as well as the home one, we can't hope for much reward.

So we've got neither whip nor carrot. How, then, shall we make our donkey go—that donkey in every one of us?

The great question, it seems to me, is this: Can we find the donkey's conscience? Or, rather, can we all stop being old-fashioned donkeys, depending on the whip or the carrot to make us work, and start being grown-up men and women? Men and women who try to do what they know to be right. Not because of any threat, or for any cash reward. But simply because we know we ought to do it.

We managed it, many of us, during the war. There's no reason, that I can see, why we shouldn't manage it again, during the peace.

The only thing that's missing is the inspiration. We need someone to put that inspiration into words for us—someone to show us the path.

Unfortunately, that power to put our high aims into simple and inspiring words seems to be the one power our present Government lacks. Stronger in expert knowledge and in goodwill than perhaps any British Government before it—it yet lacks the gift of oratory.

Surely there must be one great orator somewhere in the Labour ranks! We need him. The Cabinet must find him and give him the freedom of the microphone.

It would be a tragedy if this present Government, with all its brains and high endeavour, fell down simply because it lacked a voice to arouse the spirit of the people.

Counting the Old

IF we don't produce more babies—says a reader in reply to my question of the other week—we shall become a country of elderly people. In less than a hundred years it's probable that our population will have fallen to less than half its present size. And half our people will be old enough to qualify for the old age pension.

My correspondent appears to take it for granted that this would be a bad thing.

I'm not so sure that it would. We might all be happier.

Of course, you couldn't expect the younger half of the population to keep the older half in idleness. But who wants to be idle?

The old pre-war cry of "Too old at forty" would be gone for good. Everybody would be wanted—no matter how old—so long as they could contribute something to the common pool. The work could be divided up to suit people's ages and capabilities. And surely the older people would be much happier doing what they could than rusting away unwanted.

I know that I, for one, don't look forward to retiring. So long as I can do *something*, I hope I'll be allowed to do it. To be compelled to retire while you still feel able to work, is to die before your time.

I think, too, that an "older" population would probably be a wiser population—and certainly a happier one. I used to think, as a young man, that anybody over forty had got one foot in the grave. I used to feel sorry for them.

But now that I'm half-way through the forties myself, I find that, on the whole, I'm happier than I've ever been. It's all the difference between being a ripe apple and a green one.

I don't worry about things as much as I used to. I don't get shocked and hurt so much. I've taken it on the chin so often that now I know I *can* take it. It no longer seems like the end of the world each time. I feel I've learned better how to live—not least, how to live with myself.

One of the strongest arguments against an older and smaller population is that we shan't have enough young men to fight a war. That's true. But, after two world wars in a lifetime, I don't feel unduly worried about that. If there *is* another war, with atom bombs, it seems to me it won't make much difference whether we win or lose. Human civilization will have lost, in any case.

As for the young people themselves—surely if there are less of them, their parents (and indeed the whole community) will be able to give them a much better start in life. Youth will be at a premium—and accorded greater respect.

No—the more I consider the obvious advantages of a smaller and older population, the more I like the idea.

He Needs No Badge

THERE was a suggestion made some time ago that all demobilized Servicemen should be given a badge. The authorities turned down the idea. It is now obvious how right they were.

The ex-Serviceman in civvy street needs no badge to distinguish him. You can recognize him wherever you meet him by the smile he wears.

I've noticed it myself more particularly on the buses and in the shops. The old happy bus conductor of 1939 is back again, and obviously delighted to be back. His cheerfulness, his willingness to give advice on anything and everything connected with the bus service, his knack of cracking a joke with the customers—it all makes the daily bus ride a pleasure again.

It's the same when you go into a shop and find an ex-Serviceman behind the counter. There's no mistaking him. He actually seems pleased to see you—eager to get you what you want. He is bringing back to civilian life a spirit which some of us thought we'd never see again.

The jaded and war-weary civilian can't help but feel bucked up at the sight of it.

But there's one thing we've got to watch. Just as the ex-Serviceman's cheerfulness has an uplifting effect on us, so our war-weary glumness must have a depressing effect on him. And, in these admittedly grim days of peace, there's a great danger, it seems to me, that our glumness may in time beat down his cheerfulness.

Let's have done with our present habit of being grim and grumpy and get back to our war-time motto of "grim and gay."

the human machine

TODAY'S THE DAY

THERE IS ALWAYS a danger that between regretting the past and anticipating the future we shall forget how important is the present. Though the present is very largely the result of the past, though the future is going to be largely the result of the present, we shall waste life unless we use the present to the full.

One of the most ancient poems says:

Look to this day,
For it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all the
Varieties and realities of your existence:
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendour of beauty;
For yesterday is but a dream
And tomorrow is only a vision,
But today well lived makes
Every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well therefore to this day!
Such is the salutation of the dawn.

"Enjoy the passing hour!" enjoined Horace, one of the most understanding of the Roman poets. "Since life is brief, cut short far-reaching hopes. Even as we speak, envious Time has sped. Reap the harvest of today, putting as little trust as may be in the morrow!"

So take today and live it; squeeze it; get everything out of it you can. You'll never have it again. Make the most of it while it's here.

by Roffe Thompson

UNDER *suspicion*

The diamond ring winked like a chilly fire as Peter put it on Nancy's finger. Then came news of the jewel raid. She tried hard to believe in Peter's innocence, but the evidence was against him

by ANGUS MacVICAR

PETER MACNEIL, chairman of the Invercón Fishermen's Association, and, by this token, the most influential man in the village, did not always enjoy the reputation for solid worth and honesty by which he is known today.

Observing that tall, well-muscled figure, tending a little towards corpulence, a living testimonial to the care of his sweet-tempered wife during twenty-five years of a remarkably harmonious marriage, you would be surprised to learn that on one occasion, for an entire week, he lived under the shadow of a black suspicion.

In his younger days he was the hardest-toiling fisherman that ever helped to pull aboard a herring-loaded ring-net, his only fault being a certain desire to appear as a "big mick."

He had been walking out with Nancy Williamson for exactly two years when, one bright winter evening, he put an arm round the girl's slim waist, fished with his free hand in the pocket of his reefer jacket and produced a ring set with brilliant stones.

"O—oh!" gasped Nancy, her blue eyes darting between the ring and her lover's face. "Oh, Peter—diamonds!"

"I was thinking," he said tenderly, "maybe we could become engaged."

"Oh, I love you, Peter. But this ring must have cost a fortune?"

He placed the ring on her finger with the grace of a courtier. It winked and gleamed in the moonlight as if it held a chilly fire.

"I was lucky last month at Portree. We were averaging nearly a hundred baskets a day. I bought it in a shop up there."

"It's far, far too good of you, Peter," whispered Nancy, and her little red mouth was inviting. "But I love you for it."

He took his reward willingly and rather breathlessly.

For two days the young couple were supremely happy. Nancy's ring was the envy of her girl friends; and there were many street-corner feminine conferences on the subject of its beauty and value. Peter basked in Nancy's glory, and walked the quay with an added swagger.

But the older fishermen shook their heads.

"Extravagance!" they murmured. "Five real diamonds set in white gold! Must have cost Peter MacNeil almost fifty pounds. Man, most of us set up house on less than that!"

Then, on the third day, the newspapers came to Invercon containing the intelligence that a week previously, on the night before the local fishing fleet had left Skye for home, a robbery had taken place in the largest jewellery shop in Portree. Among other articles of value, a platinum ring, set with five diamonds, had been taken by the thief.

THE thing spread. At first it was scarcely a whisper between friends; but, as time went on, the suggestion grew in volume until it seemed to Nancy Williamson like a babel of noise from every housetop.

"Do you think Peter *stole* the ring?"

Nancy, of course, had not the slightest suspicion of her lover. But for that very reason the veiled talk and covert glances cut her to the heart.

"Peter," she said once, her little oval face pale and pinched, "can't you put an end to this—this terrible gossip? Can't you show them the receipt you got for your money?"

"I wouldn't lower myself!" returned Peter, in the pompous voice he could assume at will. "This tittle-tattle is beneath our notice. We love each other. That's all that matters. I wouldn't steal a ring—not even for you. . . . You know that?"

"Of course I know, Peter. But—but it's hurting me, dear. Everyone's talking."

She wondered as she spoke why such a strange expression settled on his dark handsome face. It was as if his pride were battling against a sudden impulse to tell her something. But pride brooked no defeat.

The excitement and gossip which disturbed Invercon came to a head when it was learned that two detectives had arrived in the fishing-port.

"They're after him!" said the scaremongers, shaking their heads, but actually deriving great enjoyment from the situation.

Hourly, Nancy grew more terrified; Peter himself remained strangely indifferent. But something in his look still suggested more than he would say.

The detectives, burly and rather homely middle-aged men, were assiduous in their inquiries down by the harbour, and from more than one source they heard of the wonderful ring which Peter MacNeil had given to Nancy Williamson. On the afternoon of the day following their arrival, they visited the house of Nancy's parents.

The girl, baking in the kitchen, saw them striding up the narrow path which led to the cottage; and, though she was aware in her heart that Peter was innocent, she panicked. Without a word to her mother, she threw a coloured scarf on her head and rushed out by the back door.

She found Peter alone, working at his

Peter sprang forward. His right fist streaked out and caught the detective cleanly on the jaw. MacRae staggered back from the blow

ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED SINDALL

nets on the Green, near the Old Quay.

"Nancy!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter, darling?"

"The detectives!" she gasped. "They're up at the house."

"But why should they go there?" demanded Peter. "You've never done anything wrong."

"I know. But Peter—the ring!"

"I didn't steal it!"

She was desperately afraid. From the description in the papers, the stolen ring and the one that she wore were identical.

It was growing dusk. Peter still worked at his nets, his rough hands plying the needle deftly as he repaired the broken tarry strands.

Suddenly she started. Out of the murk two dim figures appeared.

"Good evening," said a smooth voice. "My name is David MacRae. My friend here is James Stevenson. We are detectives. If you have no objection, Mr. MacNeil, I should like to have a look at Miss Williamson's ring. I am an expert in jewellery."

As MacRae spoke his last six words, Nancy wondered why Peter stiffened so suddenly, and why a queer frightened look gleamed in his eyes.

"I do object to you looking at my girl's ring," Peter retorted.

"I'm sorry," said MacRae. "I must insist."

He stepped quickly to Nancy's side and took the ring from her finger. He screwed a glass into his eye and flashed the light of a pocket torch on the dainty circlet. Covertly, Nancy watched the expression on Peter's face change from one of fear to black rage, and with difficulty she kept back her tears.

MacRae laughed.

"This ring," he began, "is——"

Peter sprang forward. His right fist streaked out and caught the detective cleanly on the jaw.

MACRAE staggered back. His companion, however, acted quickly. Before Peter could pull himself together, he found that Stevenson had put handcuffs on his wrists.

"You're coming to the police station with me, young man!" he said severely. "On a charge of assault."

Peter swallowed. His sudden gust of anger had spent itself.

"Gentlemen," he said in a low voice, "Miss Williamson doesn't need to come with us?"

"Not unless she wants to," replied MacRae, now recovered, but still nursing his jaw.

"I'm staying with you, Peter," decided Nancy.

Up at the police station they found Henry MacNiven, a wizened-faced fisherman who had also been with the fleet at Portree, standing, with a surly snarl, between two uniformed constables.

"Here is the thief," said one of the policemen to MacRae. "We searched his house, as you suggested, and found all the stolen jewellery, including the diamond ring."

MacRae smiled.

"I thought as much," he said.

In a flash Nancy had realized the import of the conversation.

"Then Peter's innocent!" she cried. "You *know* that Peter's innocent?"

"I knew as soon as I saw your ring. The one that was stolen was of real diamonds and platinum and worth about seventy-five pounds. The one you are wearing is imitation and worth about seventy-five shillings."

Peter stood with downcast eyes. Suddenly she went over and kissed him, in front of everybody.

Blood donors are not affected by the "operation," and a cup of tea tastes very good

BANK YOUR BLOOD

Countless lives were saved by gifts of blood during the war. Today, road and industrial accidents make big demands on the blood banks, and they are in danger of running dry

THE BRAKES SCREECH. The crowd gathers. The ambulance bell clangs, and yet another of the daily toll of road casualties is on the way to hospital.

Let us follow him.

The surgeon on duty will see him on arrival and, perhaps, his comment will be: "Yes, we'll operate. But he's badly shocked, so in the meantime give him a blood transfusion."

That is the kind of remark which is being made every hour of every day in our big hospitals throughout the country.

Until recently such orders were easy to carry out. The ward sister simply sent to the hospital blood bank, or to a central depot, and in a matter of minutes the blood was at the bedside.

Unfortunately it is no longer quite so easy. The blood banks of Britain are running dry.

Unless a large number of donors are forthcoming in the near future, many casualties, and people facing major operations, will have to go without that vital blood which may mean the difference between life and death.

The early days of the war saw thousands of citizens giving a pint of blood in anticipation of heavy air raids. Little was known then of storing blood for long periods, and, when the raids did not come and the blood was not used within a few weeks, tens of thousands of pints were wasted.

Making it Safe

Clearly a bold endeavour had to be made to prevent a repetition of such waste, because it could not be expected that all these willing donors would return every month.

Experiments were carried out both here and in America.

It was found that, although the blood cells were unsafe for transfusion purposes after twenty-one days, the fluid in which the cells float, technically known as plasma, remains unaffected. Here then was the answer to the problem. The cells and plasma were easily separated, and it was found that, in the vast majority of cases, plasma was just as valuable as whole blood.

Further, it was found that to preserve plasma was a relatively simple proceeding. It could be kept in perfect condition by freezing. To transport bottles of liquid plasma was found to be difficult in battle areas. Soon, however, experiments revealed that plasma could be dried in a vacuum without damaging its vital properties.

From that day onwards, every drop of donated blood was used for saving life.

No fewer than three million gifts of blood have been made, and countless lives have been saved by the generosity of these donors. Many of them wanted to know whose life they had helped to save, but a bottle of plasma is the gift of probably at least three different people.

The battles are over now. Why, then, is blood still needed for transfusion?

The answer is in the casualty wards. There is Tom Smith over there. He just wasn't quick enough to avoid a careless driver the other night. His left leg was broken and he had nasty thigh wounds.

Meant Certain Death

He had lost a lot of blood and needed an immediate operation—but an immediate operation would have meant certain death. In little more than half an hour blood transfusion made an anæsthetic safe. Tom Smith should be up and about in a few weeks.

Did you notice Tom Johnstone, the hall porter, as you came in? He stepped on a mine in North Africa, and was badly knocked about. It took no fewer than twenty-seven pints of plasma to pull him through.

We must keep death from injuries out of shipyards, factories, mines and workshops, as well as "off the road." The nation isn't short of blood, but it is short of blood donors.

The first time, some of us may feel a bit worried about giving a pint of blood. But a talk to donors will show that, far from feeling faint or queer afterwards, many feel fitter than they have for a long time. And that cup of tea and the biscuit afterwards do taste good!

Some countries have adopted the method of paying blood donors so much a pint. Maybe it's a good idea. At any rate it is worth consideration, so vital is the need for blood.

Regional Directors of Blood Transfusion Services are being appointed in some areas. The Press, the B.B.C. and the cinema must all pull their weight. An explanatory film would help enormously. Finally the public, and that means you and me, must respond. We have the blood—and this is truly a service "for the people by the people."

Dr. JOHN RODNER

by IAN FOX

Silence, Please

MY PAPER TELLS ME that someone is asking for "No Talking" compartments on railway trains. The idea is to accommodate those who wish to occupy the whole journey in communing with their immortal souls, or thinking deep thoughts on such things as the Meaning of Life, or whether grandpa really ought to marry again at his age.

Many people would say that imposing a "No Talking" rule on an English railway carriage is about as necessary as putting up a "Silence" notice in a deaf and dumb school or a Trappist monastery.

After years of tight-lipped travelling, people know how to deal with a talker on a railway journey. Even American soldiers have been known to wilt in less than half an hour under a really united attack.

THE talker usually arrives rather late, sits down, mops his forehead, and then says, "Phew! Thought I was going to miss it."

The passengers in the four corners find this easy. They just look out of the windows.

Two of the other passengers stare fixedly at their newspapers and read the same paragraph over and over.

The one remaining person hasn't a newspaper and isn't next to a window. He wears a trapped look as he turns to see if his luggage is still on the rack.

The talker says, "Travelling's no picnic these days."

This is really going too far. The situation is fraught with drama. The window-lookers look more firmly, the readers read more fixedly. The poor trapped man with nothing to do takes the only possible course by muttering "Excuse me" and going into the corridor.

SUPPOSE, however, that certain carriages were reserved for non-talkers, what would the "Talking" carriages be like?

"Lovely day, isn't it?"

"Yes, beautiful. But we had a drop of rain last night."

"And we'll get some more tonight, I shouldn't wonder."

"The weather forecast said it will be fine for several days."

"Yes, I expect it will. If it doesn't rain, that is."

"I see they've made some new atom discoveries."

"Oh, really? What are they?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I can't quite remember."

"It's wonderful what science can do in these days, isn't it?"

"Yes. Very true. Are you travelling far?"

"Not very."

"Well, it's certainly nice to find someone to talk to. Most interesting conversation. . . . Ah, well, I think I'll take a little nap."

"Good idea. I could do with forty winks myself."

CYCLING STARTS A NEW BOOM . . .

Reg Harris, England's Bury-born cycling international, is a reliable tip for the world's sprint championship at Zurich this year

There are big events ahead for racing, touring and time-trialing cyclists. The sport's bristling with new personalities

says JOHN MACADAM

ONCE UPON A TIME there were two cyclists and now—my dear fellow—there are thousands upon thousands of them.

When the first penny-farthing demon sidled up to a convenient cliff in order to dismount is shrouded in the mists of time, but the National Cyclists Union corralled all the active ones under its wing in the 1870s and is at the moment in the happy position of watching its membership creep towards the 100,000 mark and its status increase to something like that of soccer and cricket.

At the start of the war, N.C.U. membership was 61,000, mostly men and women between the ages of eighteen and thirty. The call-up reduced that figure to 24,000 and now it stands at 42,000 and will certainly rise to 50,000 by the end of this year. After that, the deluge. One hundred thousand racing, touring, time-trialing and massed-starting cyclists in the United Kingdom should be only a matter of time.

Plans were in process at the start of the war for cycle racing tracks in every major city in the land. Naturally, these plans were held up, but now the National Cyclists Union is pressing on and the job will be under way when building priorities allow.

The famous London cycle racing track at Herne Hill is now on lease to the National Cyclists Union, which has ambitious plans for improving the banking and accommodation. It has already been resurfaced, and the opening meeting for 1946 takes place on Good Friday, under the promotion of the Southern Counties Cycling Union, affiliated to the N.C.U. The N.C.U. itself is promoting a meeting at the track on May 4, at which, I learn, the cycling "stars" of Great Britain and the Continent will engage in a series of challenge matches.

It's a Top-line Sport

Practically every Saturday from now until October, there will be first-class cycle racing here.

Says Adrian Paulet Chamberlin, N.C.U. secretary: "We see no reason why cycling under N.C.U. rules should not hold a place equal in national importance with association football and cricket within the next twenty years."

A slump of nearly 40,000 in membership during the war years might have been regarded in any other sport but that of cycling as being tantamount to a death blow.

This does not take into consideration the quality of the average cycling executive.

Adrian Chamberlin, coming into the secretarial job in the first year of the war, with cycling matters at their blackest, immediately set about building up again by using the bicycle as an instrument of national service.

Youth Clubs were formed for workers of all types and, apart from the numerous older hands who were driven to the bicycle by the shortage of petrol, there was the steady body of people who had always been cyclists and always would be.

So, from such foundations, the membership was rebuilt. The Youth Clubs stayed. The national service helpers stayed. The business men stayed. Now the Service men and women are coming back and rejoining their union. Cycling is all set in the first post-war year for the biggest boom in all its history.

Quietly and persistently during these war years the young idea was encouraged, trials were held and talent was discovered. Some of the girls, in particular, are turning out phenomenal performances.

Main preoccupation in the places where cycling is discussed is: Massed Start or No Massed Start racing? The answer, you can take it from the writer, is: No Massed Start racing—unless the roads in the area of the race are sealed to all other means of locomotion.

This is a very sore point among cyclists, or at least among those cyclists who seceded from the N.C.U. in 1942 and banded themselves under the title of the British League of Racing Cyclists.

Since the matter recurs in newspapers and conversations every other day, I put it to Mr. Chamberlin in this way: As the French take part with apparent safety in the annual Tour de France which has a massed start, what is wrong with the British League of Racing Cyclists' plea for a similar spectacular race in Britain?

The reply was: The Tour de France is largely a test of endurance rather than a race. The greater part of the course is over remote mountain territory where the danger from, and to, other means of locomotion is slight indeed. But for all important races and championships on the Continent, the rules apply precisely as they apply in Britain—no massed start unless the circuit is closed to other traffic.

The point is that the massed start, as such, is not barred in Britain by the N.C.U.; it is only barred when the route is open to other traffic. For that matter, the British National Massed Start Championship under N.C.U. rules will be held on August 17 this year in the London area—but over closed roads.

Enthusiasm among the entrants is tremendous, and it seems long odds that the British League of Racing Cyclists is on a distinct loser in pressing for anything else.

Tipped for Championship

In fact, it is on record that the Government has laid it down that if the British League of Racing Cyclists is not prepared to yield to persuasion in this very important matter, then prohibitive legislation will be introduced. In which case it would be better for all concerned if the B.L.R.C. were to give up the unequal struggle and get back into the welcoming fold of the N.C.U.

The post-war sport bristles with personalities, some of them newcomers fostered in the difficult war years; some of them known performers. There is considerable confidence at the London headquarters of the N.C.U. that England will produce at least one world champion this year in Reg Harris, of Manchester Wheelers. Harris, holding three English sprint championships, is a reliable tip for the world's sprint championship starting at Zurich against the best European competition towards the end of August.

Other personalities to be noted are: L. R. Pond, of Polytechnic, runner-up to Harris, and the brothers Waters—Jerry and Wilfred—of South London Road Club. In the Time Trial territory (with riders racing the watch instead of the individual every weekend from March to October) the reigning kingpin is the Scotsman, Jock Allison, of Musselburgh.

Meantime the N.C.U. has been coaching classes at its twenty-eight centres throughout the country to find entrants for the cycling events in the 1948 Olympic Games. It has not yet been decided where these events will take place. The track events may be held in London and the road events in the provinces.

But cycling is not a sport that depends on its outstanding performers. The teeming thousands of wheelers make their own fun and their own health week after week for the expenditure of a few shillings a year. There lies the strength of cycling in its coming challenge to the big professional sporting attractions. Its appeal is nation-wide.

Free Speech

BRIGHT SIDE IS NEWS, TOO

Extra coupons for out-sizes. Night out forty years ago. Waiting for artificial limbs. He liked short socks. Marriage still bars some jobs. Leading a dog's life. Traffic should be slowed. Testing his honesty

NOWADAYS THE GLOOMY side of our lives seems to be bigger "news" than the bright side, especially in some of the newspapers. But I feel we've got plenty to be pleased about if only we look around.

There are very many more things in the shops than there were a year ago, particularly household goods. At one time such things as kettles, saucepans, and washing-up mops were unobtainable—now they even appear in shop windows.

Try a chemist's shop and you'll probably see the branded medicine you want, as well as toothbrushes, combs and cosmetics.

There are more buses and trains running, so that travel is quicker and more comfortable.

Cigarettes are still short, but the "No cigarette" sign is less frequent. The beer shortage is hardly noticeable, in London anyway.

There is still grumbling about demobbing, but hundreds of thousands of Servicemen *are* back home.

Perhaps it was two recent occurrences which started me thinking like this. I took a pair of shoes to be heeled about midday. I asked the man when they would be ready and he replied, "This evening."

I thought he was pulling my leg, but it turned out to be true.

Another day the second hand came off my watch. I took it to a repairer, and he mended it while I waited.—R. GREEN, Bayswater, W.2.

That Glossy Finish

HAVING RECENTLY RETURNED from West Africa, I am not surprised at the shortage of hair cream. The native

"Polishing off whole jars"

West African has a craving for the stuff—not for his hair but to drink.

I have seen them polishing off whole jars. Toothpaste, too, is a favourite drink (with body in it) out there.—T. FARRELL, 17 Perth Road, Finsbury Park, N.4.

O.S. and Sir Stafford

CANNOT THE BOARD OF TRADE do something for the very outsize people? Their clothing coupons have always been inadequate and now they just cannot manage with the present fourteen.

My mother needs thirty-two and a half coupons for a coat to fit her (five yards at four and a half coupons plus five yards for lining at two coupons).

Two years ago I was told nothing could be done until conditions improved. Surely now it's time for some concession.—MRS. W. R. KEEN, Hawthorn Lane, Four Marks, Alton, Hants.

Spree for Sixpence-Halfpenny

JUST AFTER THE BOER WAR, six of us had a night out. A glass of beer cost us a penny before going on to the Cambridge Music Hall where, from a 2d. seat in the gallery, we saw Marie Lloyd, Little Tich and other top-liners. Our fish supper (a piece of plaice and chips) cost 1½d. We finished up with a whisky for 2d. Total for the night out: 6½d.—R. GARDINER, 166 Belgrave Road, Wanstead, E.

"Shortage of Staff"

I LOST MY RIGHT LEG last June while serving with the R.A.F., and was down for an artificial one in September—but I am still waiting. The minimum time before any ex-Serviceman can hope to be fitted with a new limb seems to be about three months. The reason given is the old one—shortage of staff.—K. A., Highgate, N.6.

Modern Values

I SAW A SMALL CHILD about to drop a penny down a street grid. I told him he shouldn't do that, but he protested that the penny was no good as he had spent all his sweet coupons. He wanted to make a splash.—COLIN GREEN, 32 Elford Rise, Nottingham.

Man in a Thousand

I AM DISAPPOINTED that long socks are back in the shops again. I had grown used to the short utility socks, and there was never the trouble of pulling them up. As they pass into the shades of forgotten war memories, I write my epitaph: "Though they were short, they should have stayed longer."—G. REX WILLIAMS, Bradpole, Bridport, Dorset.

Marriage Bar

A WOMAN DOCTOR or actress is considered capable of carrying on with her job when she is married, but a girl clerk in a Government office is considered inefficient if she marries.

The marriage bar has been removed for administrative grades, but it still affects the lower grades. In his broadcast on manpower, Mr. Attlee mentioned the hangover of out-of-date ideas which slow up progress. Here is one of the most moth-eaten for the attention of his Government.

I have a personal interest in the matter being put right quickly, so please don't print my name.—MERE MALE. (Name and address enclosed.)

Dear Little Doggies

MY HOME CITY of Belfast has 30,000 licensed dogs to a population of half a million people. Probably every town and village in the United Kingdom has a similar canine proportion.

The military authorities during the war told us that only about one dog in a hundred can be trained to be useful to mankind.

So why do we continue to feed such a legion of carnivorous pe(s)ts?

Biscuits for humans are scarce and on points, yet sacks of pointless dog biscuits are on sale everywhere.—MRS. KATHERINE L. SIMMS, 20 Malone Avenue, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

"Housemaid" at Sixty

HAVING LOST HER only housemaid, a friend of mine applied at the local Employment Exchange for domestic help. She had a visit from a man of over sixty who said he had come to be interviewed for the job.

She engaged him on the spot and has been very glad ever since. He has proved an excellent domestic help in every way.—MRS. E. HAYNES, 28 Weston Street, Birmingham 7.

Preventing Accidents

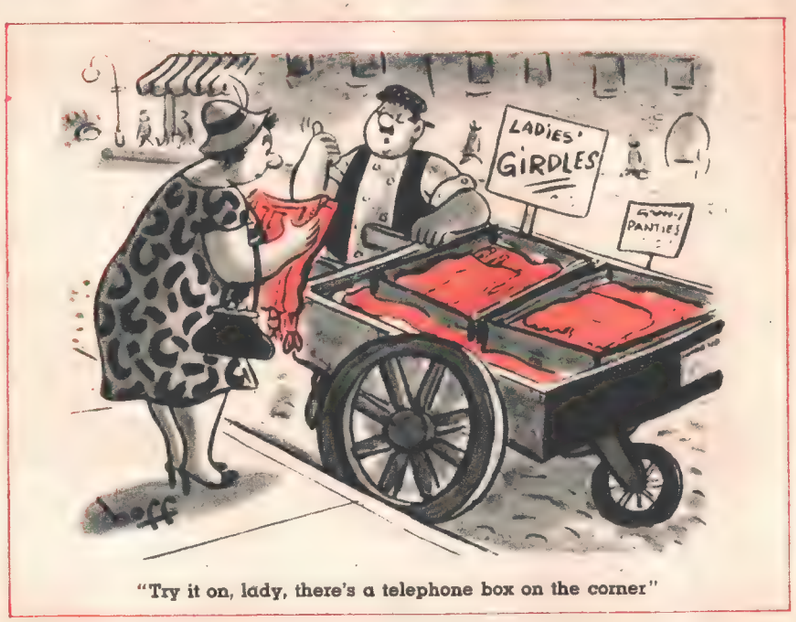
I CONGRATULATE YOU on publishing articles endeavouring to reduce road casualties.

We can cut out all the rigmarole of psychologists as far as these accidents are concerned. The main cause is excessive speed, and failure properly to enforce the road laws.

During the war, military and other vehicles became used to almost trafficless roads and drove at high speeds. No less than 42,000 people were killed and 800,000 injured.

Years ago, when slow traffic predominated on our roads, accidents were negligible. The moral is obvious.

The author of your recent article thinks pedestrian "beacons" absurd. Yet they have saved thousands of lives.—P. EDWIN PATERSON, 9 Burton Street, Cartwright Gardens, W.C.1.



"Try it on, lady, there's a telephone box on the corner"

More Infiltration?

WHY SHOULD MEN always be expected to fix the household gadgets when they go wrong? "Leave it to dad" is

"Leave it to dad"

the slogan when anything goes amiss with the water pipes or the cooker.

Surely, after the experience they have had during the war, on defence work and in the Forces, the women should have the knowledge and pride to tackle handymen's jobs?—MRS. G. A. R., Patcham, Brighton.

Lot of Rubbish

WE ARE STILL BEING TOLD to dig for victory because of the food shortage. How stupid, then, that notices to quit should be served by Harrow Council on 120 war-time allotment holders because the land is needed as a rubbish dump.—C. L. JAGGERS, 7 Ashbrook Road, Holloway, N.19.

"Lead us Not . . ."

WHEN I WAS "ON THE ROAD," walking from Exeter to London, I called on a vicar to ask for help. He said he would go upstairs to get his purse. While he was away I saw the purse on the hearthrug.

He came down and said he could not find it. When I pointed it out, he said: "I know. I left it there to see whether you were honest. I was looking out of the bedroom window to catch you if you made off with it."

Off I went with five shillings and the vicar's good wishes.—E. W. BURFORD, Carrington House, S.E.8.

Sceptics' Corner

A PAINTER finished painting a shop front recently and wrote the usual "Wet Paint" notice—but with a difference. Just underneath he wrote, "Test it here," and put on a few daubs of paint.—W. D. DUNCAN, 11 Tweedvale Avenue, Yoker, Glasgow, W.4.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

Opportunity to broadcast should be a natural right. It's a healthy sign that we are less mike-shy nowadays

IT'S YOUR AIR

You pay for the B.B.C. You can have the programme you want, and make the voice of Britain heard on the radio. It's all a matter of knowing how

by JOHN PUDNEY

BECAUSE THE COST OF ONE of our most popular pleasures recently went up, I heard some of the born grousers in the local say that they'd "had" the B.B.C. It was not worth £1 a year, they said.

But, for reasons best known to themselves, though well enough known to me, they have not dismantled their aerials, nor have they disposed of their sets. To do so would at once have denied them one of their pet grouses and put them out of touch with the world at which it is their main pleasure to grouse. We must admit that radio is built into our lives.

Now, one of radio's permanent problems is the lack of audience-reaction. It is, of course, impossible to accommodate live audiences for the majority of broadcasts; and those "guest" audiences you often hear are uncritical, over-kindly and polite to the point of sycophancy (how one squirms sometimes at the applause lavished upon second-rate variety acts which one cannot see).

The points, however, at which listeners switch-off, how many switch-off, or, for that matter, how many sit back and tell each other how good it is, form vital data in the building of radio programmes. That is where you can take a hand in the control of your radio.

Letters Shape Policy

In the early days of overseas broadcasting, when there was only a handful of producers (of which I was one), we used to study individual letters of short-wave listeners sent from all over the British Empire. Many of the letters were frank and constructive, many more were diffuse and abusive. It was the former which helped to build the overseas radio that later became such a potent force in the world war.

Similarly, your letters these many years have helped to mould the shape of our own radio programmes. On an average day the B.B.C. receives 520 letters. Not a large bag, and only those which are constructive are useful. They are the basis for what is known as listener research—the B.B.C. in search of an audience. It is such moulding which makes the B.B.C. characteristically British, characteristically yours and mine.

Those of us who were in uniform in many parts of the world during the war never failed to be comforted and informed by this voice of Britain. However we might hate certain of the programmes, and more especially the attitude which reserved a particular form of slush for the Forces, we looked to the B.B.C. as something which *belonged* to us.

Though the voice of London spoke many languages, the B.B.C. became the focus of the ideals of liberation. In Miami (long before Mr. Churchill was there) the vendor of hamburgers on the beach assured me with tears in his eyes that he followed the war by broadcasts from London.

In Trinidad, the schoolmaster near the airfield demonstrated how he switched on the B.B.C. news for his pupils. In Kano, in the centre of Africa, where caravans set off across the Sahara, I saw a circle of Biblical figures drawn round a powerful, multi-wave set of the most modern type which spoke from London.

In Malta we listened to every news when our newspapers were two months old. In Normandy, beneath the deafening shelter of the British barrage, I recollect helping an elderly lady to remove a precious radio receiver permanently tuned on London from behind the altar of the chapel in her chateau.

Returning to peace, I notice another very important way in which the public is participating in radio. I believe it is a healthy sign of the times that the sound-proof doors of Broadcasting House have been more and more widely opened, not only to freedom of discussion and opinion, but also to the man-in-the-street in person.

The people of Britain now participate more in Britain's broadcast voice. It is remarkable how a talent for broadcasting grows up among a people, particularly as they come to recognize a microphone as something taken for granted. In this one respect (though not generally in radio matters) the Americans are ahead of us. I have often noticed how the average American citizen can come up and speak into a microphone without feeling any more shy than he would be using a telephone (which is to say, not at all).

Jitters in the Studio

Microphone-shyness is encouraged where the atmosphere is tense, strained, solitary and artificial. Much of the old (one can almost call it traditional) hesitancy of "In Town Tonight" was engendered by each person being interviewed in isolation in one of those dead studios at Broadcasting House where the air was conditioned, lights mysteriously winked and the victim was unable to feed his nerves with a smoke.

How much better the performers face the microphone among their own friends in outside broadcasts or in the cosy atmosphere of a feature like "Country Magazine."

When I toured the country places with that kindly national institution, the late C. H. Middleton, in a series of "Parish Mag" programmes, which were done in village halls and pubs with a live microphone, not one of the three hundred-odd novices we brought to the microphone hesitated over a word.

We allowed them to smoke, take refreshment, move about, hock their throats, and even to cough (although we banned sneezing). We urged them to bring their friends. There is, I think, enough vanity in every individual to put him on his mettle to give a fair performance in natural conditions such as these.

There are a great many programmes in the course of a year nowadays in which ordinary people participate. They blend with the professional voices in talks, in features and in documentaries. There should be still more of them. To as many people as possible, I think, ability and the opportunity to broadcast should be a natural right. Only in this way can the true force of Britain's voice be heard.

All-powerful Board

At the end of this year, the B.B.C.'s Charter expires. And here is another way in which the public, through Parliament, can have the final say in ruling the air.

Behind the present Director-General, the resourceful Sir William Haley, whom many old radio "hands" regard as the best radio "boss" so far, there is a Board of Governors. They are citizens selected to be ultimately responsible for the operation of your radio, now acknowledged to be one of the most vital forces in the community.

The hopes expressed by our present Prime Minister back in the thirties (the Baldwin Government renewed the Charter in 1936) should carry even more weight today, when there can be no question of the importance of our radio, yours and mine, as the voice of democracy. Mr. Attlee said: "In my view, it is undesirable that the Governors should be drawn solely from persons whose social experience and background is that of the well-to-do classes." And that: "The average age of the Board has been too high, with a consequent over-emphasis on the outlook of the past."

It is up to us to see that the new administration of the B.B.C. is both young and fully representative of the nation.

This way to the Victory Parade + £500!

Come to London and enjoy a glorious Victory Weekend for Two! That is the thrilling invitation to you in this week's memorable *Bullets* offer. Free railway fares and accommodation in a West End hotel will be provided for all readers privileged to attend the historic Victory Parade in London on Saturday, June 8, as *John Bull's* guests.

A £500 fortune is waiting for the sender of this contest's best *Bullet*, and the next twelve winners of big cash prizes will also be invited to celebrate with Free Victory Weekends for Two. Your Victory coupon is waiting on this page—seize this great opportunity and enter some good *Bullets* by Tuesday, April 23.

HOLIDAY WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,521

FIRST PRIZE, £250 and Holiday: W. G. Hilder, 1 Church Terrace, Seal, Near Sevenoaks: **Any Day—Your "Break" May "Dawn."** SECOND PRIZE, £50 and Holiday: J. Jones, 53 Eighth Avenue, Bristol: **Out For An—Hour, Henpeck—Then Hours!** THIRD PRIZE, £25 and Holiday: F. O. Pascoe, 108 Dolcoath Road, Camborne: **Doctor's Job—Helping "Deliver Bevan's Baby."** FOURTH PRIZE, £20 and Holiday: Mrs. S. Hartshorn, Tilery, Bradbury, Sedgefield, Stockton-on-Tees: **Out For Peace—Russia, Provided Not "Disturbed!"** FIFTH PRIZE, £15 and Holiday: T. H. Whitlow, "Lunesdale," Aigburth Boulevard, Liverpool: **Broken Dolly—*True* Nurse's First Patient.**

£10 WINNERS: J. M. Agnew, High Street, Lurgan, N. Ireland: **Oldest Inhabitant—Remembers Mafficking About *Something!*** J. G. Brooks, 17 Beachborough Road, Bromley, Kent: **Old Friends—Years Parted—Seconds Bridged.** W. Hitchen, 48 East Bawtrey Road, Rotherham: **Needing A Holiday—"Too Many" Of Us.** L. Hornby, 35 Craig Street, Ardwick, Manchester: **Heard At The Local—Parson—In Choir, Publican.** Mrs. R. Murray, 27 Salisbury Road, Blackpool: **In Tomorrow's World—Everything Mechanical? We'll "Rust."** V. Patterson, 49 Kipling Avenue, Bath, Som.: **Needing A Holiday—Because Never *Wanted* One.** S. F. Riches, 37 Tattersall Gardens, Leigh-on-Sea: **Auntie's Car—Needs "Elastic-sided" Boot, Too!** C. Robertshaw, 9 Bronte Old Road, Thornton, Bradford: **Old Friends—Best Asset When Beset.**

Cash has been posted to 50 winners of £1 and 1,000 of 2s. 6d.

GRAND VICTORY OFFER—£1,000 in PRIZES!

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example* from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Cash and Victory Weekends.

£500 plus Victory Weekend for Two; £50 plus Celebration; £25 plus Celebration; 10 of £10, each plus Celebration; 50 of £1; 1,000 of 2s. 6d.

Note.—Celebration comprises FREE WEEKEND in LONDON for Two (fares included) to witness the historic Victory Parade on Saturday, June 8.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

HUMANITY'S PROBLEM
BABY UNO
UP WITH THE HOUSES AND
VICTORY CELEBRATION
WHATEVER IT COSTS
HEALTH COMES FIRST, SO
LOVE'S SUNSHINE
THE ACID TEST
LOOKING FORWARD
IF SHE'S NOT CAREFUL
GLITTERING ARRAY
KEEPS US GUESSING
AT THE FOOD OFFICE
FREE ENTERTAINMENT
CAN'T MOVE

WHAT IT BOILS DOWN TO
PAT ON THE BACK
PERFECT GENTLEMAN
SAYS A LOT
GAVE DAD THE BLUES

Incomplete "Examples" See Instructions.

IN BRITANNIA'S.....
ONLY A.....
STAGGERED.....
DANGEROUS.....
GOT NO.....
MADE.....GIVE UP

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,525 (or XWORD 477); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

ENCLOSE 6d. for 2 "BULLETS"—1s. for 4—EXTRAS, SAME RATE

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BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

For Holiday Offer "Bulletin" (May 4) enclose 2½d. std. add. envelope

1,525 Closing Postmark, TUES., APRIL 23.

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. value.....

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Signed .....

Address .....

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RULES.

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to *John Bull*, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated May 11, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

XWORD 473 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Bask. 2, Force. 3, Mine. 6, Notes. 7, Fare. 11, Aiding. 12, Tent. 13, Sleet. DOWN: 1, Bacon. 2, Fees. 4, Cure. 5, Hob. 8, Cast. 9, Lift. 10, Neat.

£100 SHARERS: E. Day, Gosport; W. Elliott, Rugby; A. McDermott, London, S.W.1; L.A.C. H. Pritchard, Gilfach; Mrs. M. B. Whitelegg, Bewdley.

Runners-up Award (value £25 cash) shared between 37 entrants. Winners and Runners-up receive Easter Cakes in addition.

XWORD CASH AND CAKES

Up to 100 big 4 lb. Fruit Cakes for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes of 5s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Cakes—£100 First and £25 Cash for Runners-up.

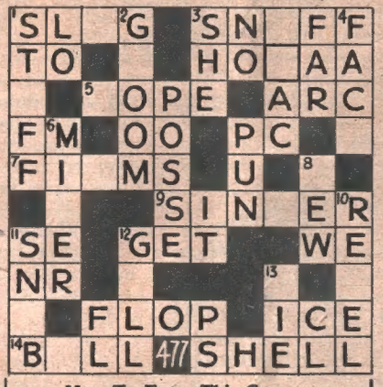
Post your Square below by Tuesday, April 23.

Across Clues.

1. Random one may hit innocent person in crowd
3. Cold in the head often accounts for this
5. Doctors know it's unwise to give some men any this at all
7. There may be growing idea American ones earn too much over here
9. Seasoned old one takes little notice of critics
14. Doesn't allow for much inaccuracy

Down Clues.

1. Those red bands round some officers' caps are this
2. In racing stable, there's often good reason for presence of
4. Cartoonist brings out salient features of one
6. Many a man is temperamentally unfitted to become
8. Films that the agencies get excited about are
10. Some men do this in a sudden spate of extra work
11. Makes atmosphere decidedly chilly
12. May perhaps be bitter
13. Suggests a certain kind of game



How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. to cover also cost of printing, despatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful *Crossword Gazette* dated May 4. If no *Gazette* required, one additional plain-paper set of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, TUES., APRIL 23. **477**

No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

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WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Today dozens of problems occur in which expert advice is needed. JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service is waiting to help you out

Landlord Refuses

"CAN I DO ANYTHING when the landlord refuses to do any of the badly needed repairs to the house which I occupy? The rent I pay includes the permitted forty per cent increase for repairs."

✓ As the statutory forty per cent is added to the rent the landlord is obliged to do all reasonable repairs. If he does not do so, you should get a certificate from the sanitary inspector stating that the repairs are necessary.

After serving a copy of this certificate on the landlord, you may deduct forty per cent from your rent until the repairs are done.

Wool for France

"AM I ALLOWED TO SEND some knitting wool to a friend in France to make clothes for her baby? Shall I have to get a permit?"

✓ You can only send new wool to France with the permission of the Export Licensing Department, 4 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3.

Permission will almost certainly be granted in the circumstances and we have asked the department to forward you the necessary form.

Marrying a German

"I AM SERVING with the B.A.O.R. and am due for release within a few weeks. I want to marry a German girl as soon as the ban is lifted. Shall I be allowed to return to Germany and marry her when I am a civilian?"

✓ It is impossible for an ordinary civilian to travel to Germany for any purpose.

During your resettlement leave you will rank as a civilian in the matter of travel overseas.

Health Contributions

"RECENTLY I HAVE BEEN receiving National Health Insurance benefit. I began work again on a Sunday and continued the five following days.

My employers have deducted contributions for that Sunday and also for the other days. They say that Sunday is the last day and Monday the first day for National Health purposes."

✓ Your employers are correct. The week for contribution purposes starts from Sunday midnight, and, as you worked through Sunday, contributions are payable for two weeks.

Cutting Trees

"DAYLIGHT IN MY KITCHEN is obscured by some trees which belong to my neighbour. Can I get anything done before they are in full foliage in the summer?"

✓ You may give your neighbour notice to cut any branches which overhang your property. If he refuses, you may cut them away yourself.

If you want the trees removed altogether, you will be faced with complicated problems, and the matter would have to be decided by court. You would be well advised to consult a solicitor.

Forces' Union Subs

"DURING MY FOUR YEARS' Army service I have paid no subscriptions to my trade union. Has a debt been incurred, or, as I have been told, were subscriptions suspended by Parliament for serving members?"

✓ Your union is entitled to insist on the payment of arrears of contributions. It may be, however, that your union has decided to excuse contributions, or to reduce them, for members in the Forces—a procedure which some unions have adopted. You should write to the union and get their ruling.

Without a Will

"HOW WOULD my father's money be shared if he died without making a will? My mother is dead and I have one brother who is older than myself.

"Are death duties heavier when no will has been made? What would they be on an estate of £1,700?"

✓ If your father died without making a will, the property would be divided equally between you and your brother.

The death duties are not heavier if there is no will. Estate duty on £1,700 would be £51.

Money in Chancery

"FROM WHAT my grandmother used to say, I think there may be money in Chancery for our family. Is it possible to find out?"

✓ Lists of funds in Chancery are published periodically in the *London Gazette*. Early copies of the lists may be inspected at the Royal Courts of Justice, Strand, London, W.C.2. If you are able to find your case, you should apply to a solicitor to further your claim.

Divorce Overseas

"I MARRIED an Australian soldier in 1940. He went abroad in 1941, and after that we have corresponded regularly.

"He went home direct from the East and now he has written asking me to divorce him. I am told that I cannot sue for divorce while I am here. Must I remain tied to a man who is living with another woman?"

✓ You may petition for divorce in this country under the Matrimonial Causes (War Marriages) Act, 1944, despite the fact that your husband is in Australia.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND your general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

WAS IT COINCIDENCE?

"I could have sworn she was wearing my lace jabot!"

"I've never seen you wearing your jabot."

"How could I, when I can't get it washed? It's far too delicate to risk."

"But you can always get Sylvan Flakes."

"Don't be tiresome, dear. I haven't seen any for ages."

"You can't be using your eyes, my pet. Your grocer has Sylvan but it's sold loose now. You'll recognise it by its whiteness."

"Darling, you're a friend in a million. I feel I'm going to enjoy the picture now."

SYLVAN FLAKES

NOW SOLD LOOSE. YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR EXTRA WHITENESS

66FF

Regained all lost energy

. . . since taking

Phosferine

"It is with pleasure that I write to tell how I have improved in health since taking Phosferine. Being on war work I got very run down and nervy, and I fear a misery to all I came in contact with, but thanks to Phosferine I have regained all lost energy and a brighter outlook on life altogether. I am so grateful for the good results I have gained and am still gaining."

(*Signed*) Mrs. H.R., B'ham

We have all been through a lot these last few years. The value of Phosferine in replacing lost energy and fortifying the nerves is greater than ever. Protect yourself with Phosferine against the fatigue and nerve strain of long hours spent indoors. Try this great tonic today!

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

Phosferine (Tablets or Liquid) 1/4 No. 1 size and 3/3 No. 2 size. (Including Purchase Tax)

THE SIXTH YEAR OF WAR IN PICTURES

British armoured car in the advance to the River Elbe

HERE, for JOHN BULL readers, is an opportunity to secure a book that records in unforgettable photographs and dramatic narrative the stupendous events of the last year of war. *The Sixth Year of War in Pictures* is the first Book to give such a complete picture and story of the last year of war—presented in dramatic on-the-spot photographs and vivid text. War enacted before your very eyes—action shots in heat of battle, from every fighting front, many taken at risk of life. **Red Devils at Arnhem—Mass Bombing of Germany—Allies smashing across the Rhine—Horror scenes from Belsen—The Russian sweep across Poland, Germany—the siege of Brest—Battle for Berlin—the Navies in action—Jungle fighting—Secret weapons—Victory in Europe—Bombing of Tokyo—Atom bombs astounding devastation—Pacific Islands fighting—Surrender of Japan, etc., etc.**

256 PAGES 300 PHOTOS

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'How right you'll be to choose

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Supplies are limited but ASK YOUR BUSH DEALER

BUSH RADIO LTD., POWER RD., CHISWICK, W.4. *royds* 454

HOW TO STOP INDIGESTION

Read what this one-time sufferer says:—

"I have been suffering from Indigestion and stomach ailments for many months and had given up hope of finding any remedy until I tried your Moorland Indigestion Tablets and already I have found a difference in my general health. I also have more appetite for my food which I lacked before. (Signed) M. T. Tipton. 6.12.45

★ ***Moorland Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, gastric catarrh and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. Sold by all chemists, 1/5d., also in 8½d. packets (including tax).***

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

When life is one continual bustle—
Oh! for a soothing cup of ROWNTREE'S COCOA

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Spotlight on Service

POPULARLY known as 'Clippies,' our bus conductresses, during recent years, have met many difficult situations with patience, courtesy and a smile—a smile generally enhanced by well-cared-for teeth. Irregular in meals as they are in hours, to one practice many 'Clippies' remain constant—the regular Kolynos twice-a-day habit of cleaning teeth.

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FOR WHITER BRIGHTER TEETH

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